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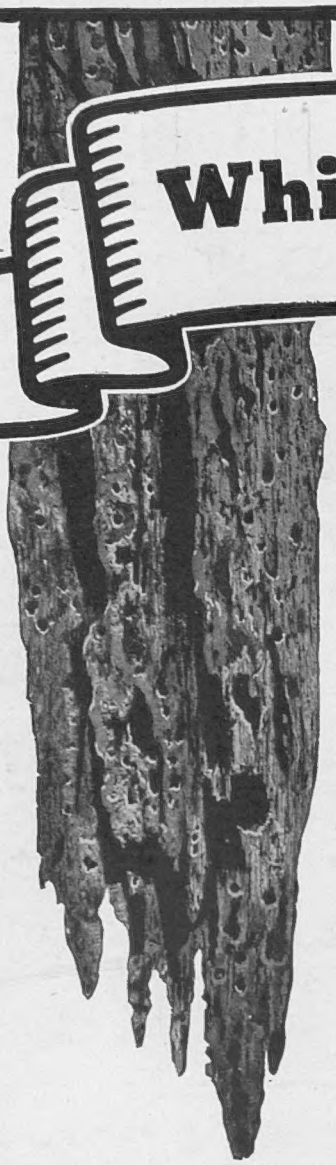

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, February 24, 1940

THE HOMECOMING OF THE RESCUED BRITISH MARINERS FROM THE "ALTMARK"

H.M.S. "Cossack" Alongside at Leith

Saturday, February 17, was a remarkable day at the Port of Leith and, in fact, for the whole nation. For, as one Sunday paper stated, the rescue of the imprisoned seamen was the culmination of a daring and justifiable determination that Britain would no longer tolerate the favouring of Germany by neutrals who are afraid of Nazi attack. The men had been confined below hatches for three months in the German tanker *Altmark* under conditions of great severity; some of the prisoners gained the impression that this treatment was a studied attempt to depress their morale and physical condition so that their appearance should have been appropriate to the contemplated parade in Germany. Thanks to quick eyes in the air and to the Navy, and particularly the destroyers, these men are home again (*see* pp. 230–31)

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THE KING PRESENTED NEW COLOURS TO THE IRISH GUARDS AT WELLINGTON BARRACKS LAST WEEK

Wearing the uniform of Colonel-in-Chief of the Irish Guards, His Majesty drove to Wellington Barracks, where he inspected the battalion of Irish Guards and stood at the saluting base while the Colours were piled on drums in front of him. After a short service of consecration, two officers with the party for the Colours marched forward and knelt in front of the King, who handed the Colours to them

A WAR NEWSLETTE

32-34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4
Wednesday, February 21, 1940

THE RESCUE.—The episode—or epic—of the Navy's rescue of some hundreds of Merchant Service officers and men from a German prison ship in a Norwegian fiord has the Nelson touch and all the justification derived from a resolute action conducted with restraint and with full deference to accepted international law. It is a tale to delight every true-born Briton and to make every Nazi spit vitriol and gall. When a pig has his tail twisted he squeals, and the Nazis are squealing still. So did the King of Spain in the reign of Elizabeth. The position of Norway in the affair was humiliating and allowances may or may not be made for some of her executive officers concerned. But acute fear of Germany does not justify a neutral in winking at breaches of the accepted rules of warfare and no excuse can justify the casual "search" of the prison ship at Bergen which failed to discover 300 prisoners on board, or the refusal of the British Navy's proposal to take the ship back to Bergen for a proper search under a combined British and Norwegian guard. What the Navy did was done by logical stages in accord with international conventions and the rescue was not only justified by the laws of civilisation and humanity but was beside a brilliant and heroic stroke of navigation and a glorious page in the history of the Royal Navy in war.

MR. ROOSEVELT INQUIRES.—How right is Mr. Roosevelt to gain first-hand knowledge of conditions in Europe. It is information which the U.S. ought to have and to keep up to date. Commercially considered, it is desirable to discover what European nation will have money to spend a year hence on buying American cotton and tobacco or other vital products (except machine tools and aeroplanes in which peace loses a great deal of interest). If the industrial and financial survey should prove disappointing for trade prospects, America may decide that a European war does not pay America and that the sooner it is ended the better for America. The President's special envoy may gather that to shorten the war something more definite in the expression of neutral opinion on the rights and wrongs of this war is called for. Already he has been informed by Germany that the only peace Hitler will suffer is a peace dictated by Germany, and it is doubtful if that sort of peace will benefit America even commercially. Mr. Welles is assured of every assistance and every courtesy in his exhaustive and important researches in the Allied countries. All the statistics will be put at his disposal, and all his questions will be carefully answered. It will take time. He is not due in London until he has "done" Rome, Paris and Berlin.

MEANWHILE.—Meanwhile, the war will go on, and presumably intensify in bitterness, hatred, and waste. U-boats and liners, liners and U-boats, in an ever intensifying, vicious spiral of sheer, beastly waste. Time is, like a nation's resources, not inexhaustible. The sands run out and run non-stop to the end. I have said—how often—that if America and Italy and Belgium and Scandinavia are to play the fit part they should play in the making of the peace, in the creation of a sane and permanent world order, they must keep their eyes on the clock. Germany will only listen to a German-dictated peace. The Allies will not treat of peace with the Nazis. The German people will not put themselves in a posture to take a full, free, and independent part in the great reconstruction (by kicking out the Nazis) until neutral opinion has so massed itself and declared itself on the side of right and liberty and decency that the Germans see how isolated is their position in the thieves' kitchen. Meanwhile, hate, fury, bitterness, and revengeful thoughts grow, as the piracy and brutality of Nazi methods grow; and sanity and clear thinking among the combatants must for ever recede (as in 1916–18). So Mr. Welles must also keep his eye on the clock, for every tick knocks away one spillikin in the edifice of his President's hopes—of playing a part in the great reconstruction and saving some European markets for American products.

PITY THE POOR PUBLICIST.—Turn back the pages or, better still, don't, for it will be a melancholy proof of the fallibility of human beings. But if you should be in a position to turn back the dust-gathering files of newspapers and journals published since September, 1939, you will surely pity the poor publicists. Those employed week by week or day by day to forecast the trend of events or to discuss the recent happenings on the Western Front or to indicate the clear direction of Hitler's next political moves. Read with pity what we said in October would to-day be our relations with this neutral or that, where Russia would stand vis-à-vis the Allies or Germany, what would be Rumania's pass to-day, what Holland's or Belgium's! Read what we said last September of the instantly coming *blitzkrieg* over Britain. Search in vain for any reference to the war's star-turn—Finland's defence of European liberty. With melancholy determination, try to find any instances of true prophecy or unexploded theory . . . Pity the poor publicist, but do not condemn him. He is, in the main, less ridiculous than the statesman, for he does not insist on wearing the cloak or armour of infallibility, and has never wasted his time seeking to defend his perfect consistency and irrefutable logic. He knows—poor fellow—that the files of the Press are much more accessible than the files of Hansard and he takes a slightly less exalted and humourless view of his great mission.

JOHN BUCHAN.—Lord Tweedsmuir's death at an early age was largely due to his sense of duty. His health had broken up even when the great nervous strain thrown on him at the outbreak of war was at its heaviest. A lesser man would have resigned at once. He had done admirably in Canada and proved from the very first a man who understood Canada and whom Canadians liked and trusted. Canadians of whatever blood like one kind of Englishman as G.-G., but it is very odd from how many different origins and environments that one man has been thrown up. No, not odd; it is a tribute to the British race. Few men have worked harder than John Buchan in a life of sixty-four years. He was a "son of the Manse" and went from Glasgow University as a scholar to Brasenose and carried off a good First in Greats and several literary prizes. For from infancy a love of literature, and Scottish romance in particular, was inculcated in him. Then he joined Milner's Kindergarten, after call to the Bar, and came to know South Africa well. You will find his life-stages milestoned by his books, from *Prester John* (or, say, the History of Brasenose) onwards. Scotland, South Africa, the old lanes of Oxfordshire, Canada, his experience of, and researches into, every land he lived in, were thrown into his books. The milestones are not on their face decipherable, but the experiences of his life went into his books, none the less, whether light or serious; and he drew vividly and with wonderful accuracy on his imagination also. He turned out scores of books. From his youth he had the feverish urge to write. If he had had less fever he would have published fewer books of a moderate kind. Of course, he wrote too often and too quickly. He was always busy with various more important affairs, political, publishing, scholastic. He was an original trustee of the Pilgrim Trust and wrote a vital clause of its charter; a curator of the University Chest of Oxford; he was twice High Commissioner at Holyrood House. During the late war he held several posts at home and in France. When he directed Nelson's publishing house and was engaged in the publication of the *History of the War*, he must have worked as few men have ever worked. But nothing stopped him writing. He wrote on his knee in the train, in the drawing-room among his family after dinner, at any odd moment. And his books, of course, suffered a little from his speed. *The Thirty-nine Steps*, written during the war, forced him into a definite groove graven by publishers and public. He was to be the modern Stevenson. He turned them out by the dozen, not up to his model. But he wrote good and careful books also—*The Kirk in Scotland*, *Sir Walter Scott*, *Oliver Cromwell*; no man living and writing was better qualified than he to deal finely with these subjects. He was a good friend to and an understanding lover of Scotland. He was a great public servant latterly, a man of fine qualities, high ideals, with the right kind of ambition and a power of work seldom equalled. Some of his ambitions—perhaps the chief part—were political but he was turned fifty before he entered Parliament, and his rise up the ladder of politics was very rapid.

SIR FRANCIS GORE.—Sir Francis Gore who died last week was born in the 1840's and died in the 1940's. He was in his ninety-fourth year and to the very end of his life retained his faculties unimpaired, and was able to follow clearly the events of

A RACIAL RESPONSE TO FINLAND'S NEEDS: HUNGARIANS IN LONDON ON THEIR WAY TO THE FIGHTING FRONTS

In distant times Hungary and Finland were peopled by streams of immigrants from the east. The Hungarians still have a sympathetic interest in their distant cousins across the Baltic

—No. XXV

these troubled days and to discuss them with tremendous interest and shrewd judgment. All his life he was a great reader and critic of literature and he read many hours a day to the end in English, French, German and Italian. He came to know Shakespeare and the great Victorian novelists almost by heart; he read and re-read Goëthe and Dante, as well as such minor classics as Macaulay, La Gorce and Trevelyan, and all his books were closely and trenchantly annotated. His *bête noire* in history was the Empress Eugénie. He was several years older than his youngest brother, Bishop Gore, who died in 1932, and they felt for each other the deepest affection and respect. He was a successful barrister and was nearing the stage when he might have been raised to the Bench when ill-health decided him to accept an offer of a, then, chief civil service appointment—solicitor to the Board of Inland Revenue. He did a great deal to establish Harcourt's Finance Act. When he retired, he was for many years Judicial Chairman of the Hampshire Quarter Sessions and served on the Central Appeals Tribunal in the Great War, working unceasingly to see justice done for conscientious objectors. His courage, stoicism, keenness and cheerfulness won him scores of admirers in old age when his own contemporaries had long since passed away. In summer he was a familiar figure in the pavilion at Lord's and a sound critic of the game, and at the Travellers' Club he could still give young men a game of billiards and a beating when he was past ninety. His character and stoicism and rigid standards of conduct never failed to inspire and gain the admiration of those of younger generations who enjoyed his acquaintance. He had seen the Duke of Wellington, knew well the Paris of 1860 and clearly remembered the Great Exhibition of 1851; and he retained the liveliest interest in the educational progress of his youngest grandchildren. He was a great exemplar of all that was best in the Victorian tradition.

A BEQUEST TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

—Lady Henry Bentinck bequested, as her husband wished, a dozen fine pictures and some drawings to the National Gallery. It is a notable and noble bequest. Eight by Sickert, one by John, two by Spencer Gore. Lord Henry was a keen collector and a very shrewd enthusiast. He had a great admiration for Sickert and for the London school, and he picked up Spencer Gore's pictures at every period, but preferred the final phase, those splendid bare brown tree trunks painted in Richmond Park. Lord Henry had a charming little gallery in his house in Queen Anne's Gate and loved to show off his pictures to his luncheon guests with a running commentary, well-informed and witty. And occasionally he would turn a picture face to the wall before the guests came in, and suddenly reveal it when he had sensed the "temper" of his public. Sometimes he considered the shock might be too great, and left the inverted canvas with its secrets and shocks unrevealed. For he was the most elastic and liberal of men, and nothing was ever too new, too modern, too daring for his sympathy and willing effort to comprehend its aim. He embraced a new idea, the more daring the better, like an undergraduate. After his death Lady Henry moved many of his pictures to Underley, her own home at Kirkby Lonsdale.

THE BEST SCRAP IRON.

—I hope few local councils will withhold their sanction to the removal of those dreary rusty German guns which uglify many fair village greens in England. How much better to turn them back into shells which, when they have done their worst, disintegrate and cannot keep alive the memory of past bitterness and suffering and waste. Rotting metal and the perpetuation of mournful feuds are not, even to-day, a fit embellishment of what constitute the fairest memories of England's green and pleasant land. I have always loathed those relics.

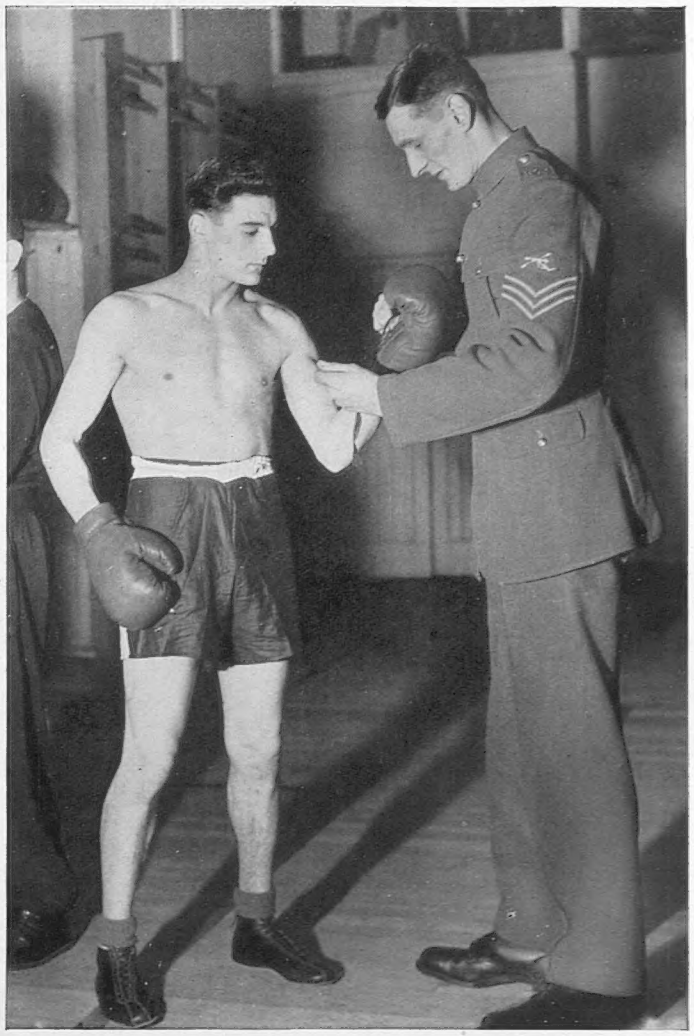
VICTORY OR DAMNATION.—

If the "scuttle" policy enjoined by Hitler on his mercantile marine (and unsuccessful naval officers) shows one thing clearly, it shows that the Nazis do not pay much regard to questions of peace beyond this war. Their policy is bald enough. It is to send to the bottom of the sea every vessel, whether German, neutral or allied, that is capable of carrying the life-blood of trade; which alone keep the heart of civilisation beating when this present nightmare is over. For Hitler it is death or glory. There is no half-way house for the tragic millions whose destiny he gambles with. The dream—the empty dream of dominating the whole world—or starvation and virtual extinction of the German races. His own policy is nakedly and practically that which he charges up to Britain. If he cannot implement his dream, his interest in the welfare of the Reich vanishes with his personal ambition—it can go to hell.

ANZACS AND SUEZ.—

It is with thankfulness that we learn that the Anzacs in strong force and great heart are now in a position to safeguard the Empire's "jugular vein." A Near East base, superbly furnished, is still to-day as important for the Allied cause as (almost) a Maginot Line. And the Anzacs have long since made their name and quality known in Egypt and Palestine where their fathers trained and fought and trained again. And fathers of our enemies will have told their fighting sons—even Nazi control cannot have prevented that leakage—that an Anzac soldier is a terrible fellow to meet face to face, and that, in the end, after trying conclusions with Anzacs for years in France, they, the Germans of an earlier generation, met them otherwise than face to face, and tried to put as many miles as possible between themselves and the Anzacs that day at Villers-Bretonneux twenty-two years ago. I am glad to remember I saw them go.

THE OLD STAGER

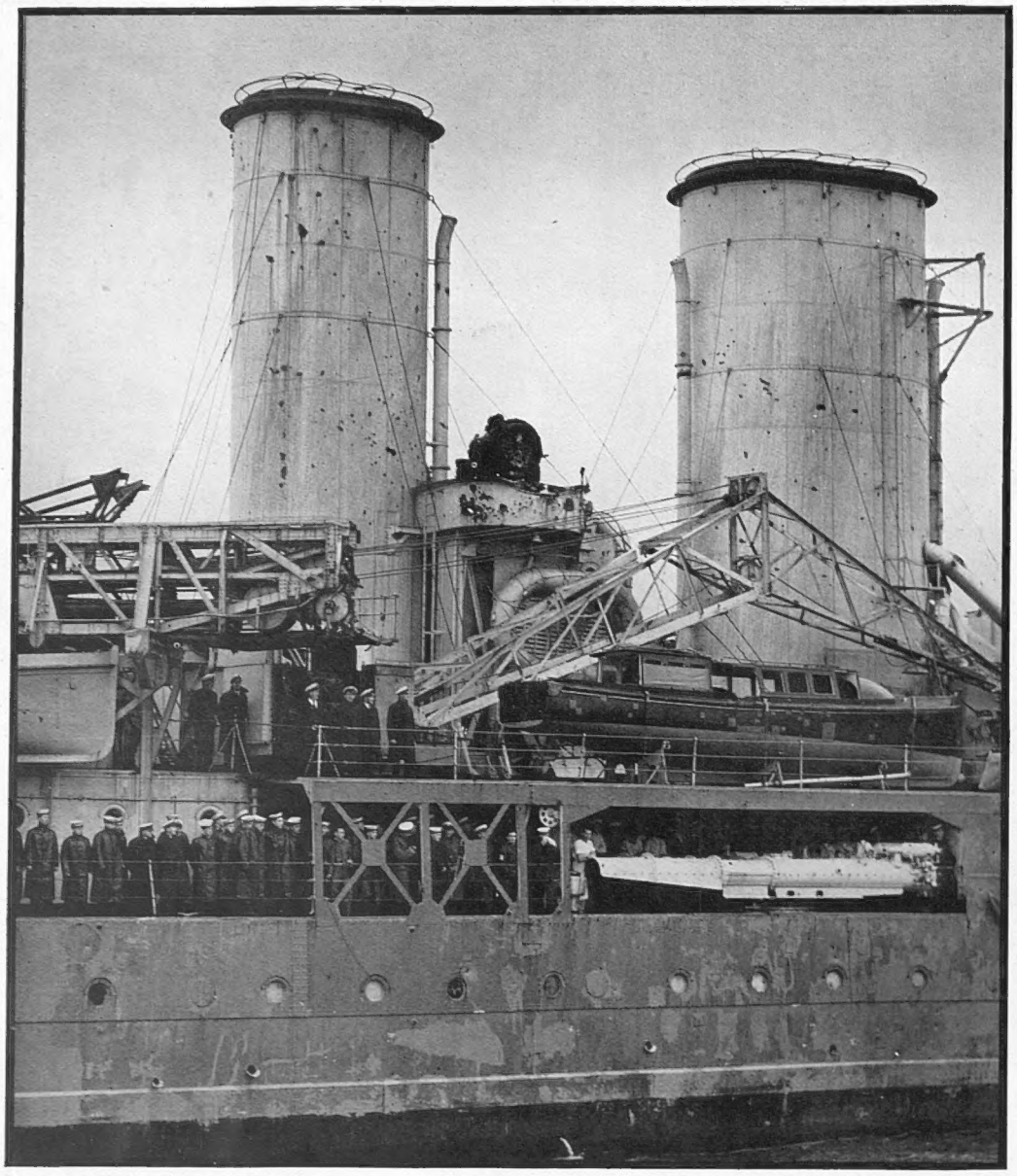


FRENCH ARMY BOXERS IN LONDON Four French amateur boxing champions are meeting British amateurs in London. Interpreter Sergeant R. C. E. Low is seen tying the gloves on the French Army welter-weight champion, Robert Charron

A FURTHER CALL UP FOR THE ARMY CAME INTO FORCE AT THE WEEK-END The registration of the twenty-three's took place at local Ministry of Labour depots. The types which responded were interesting and diverse in their civilian garb and a great number seemed to relish the idea of a bit of soldiering "somewhere"

NOT BY RUMOURS OF WAR ARE THE WATERS OF THE CAM DISTURBED; IT IS BY THE OARS OF THE PRACTISING CREWS Preparation for the unofficial University boat-race between Oxford and Cambridge is cut down to about one-seventh of the normal time. This picture was taken at Cambridge when the Light Blues had two crews—"A" and "B"—undergoing training in readiness for the first war-time boat-race. Professor Walker, the Cambridge coach, on the bank, chatted to "B" crew, with the "A" crew in the background

A STIRRING NAVAL



THE "EXETER" SHOWS HER WOUNDS ON HER RETURN TO PLYMOUTH LAST WEEK

Probably the officers and men of H.M.S. *Exeter* were as unwilling to "show their wounds" as Coriolanus, but it was not altogether to be avoided. Certain cleaning-up and patching had been done, but the spattered funnels, boats, and casemates told their tale

TWO R.A.F. PILOTS WHO SWOOPED DOWN TO THE "ALTMARK" TO MAKE SURE OF HER IDENTITY

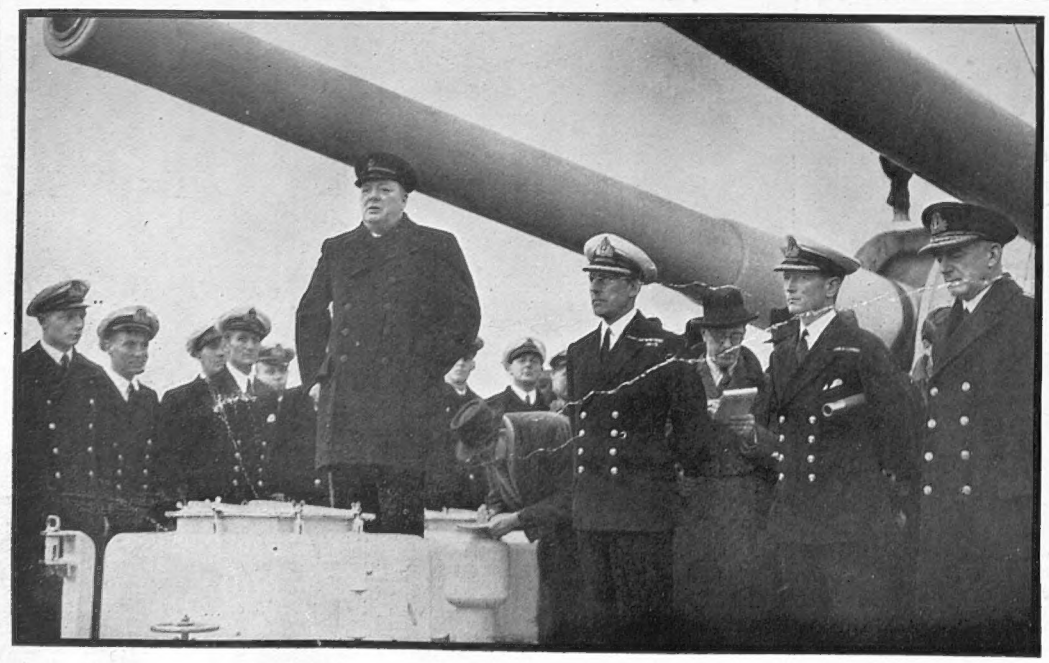
These two R.A.F. pilots contributed largely to the rescue of the British seamen from the German prison ship *Altmark* in Norwegian waters, for, on special patrol, they flew across the North Sea and found the vessel

THE NEW BRITISH WAR MINISTER VISITS THE B.E.F.

Mr. Oliver Stanley, the Secretary of State for War, paid a short visit to the B.E.F., including forward areas. Mr. Stanley is seen leaving the top of a blockhouse with General Sir John Dill

THE "EXETER" MEN PROVED TO BE A PARTICULARLY CHEERY SET ON ARRIVAL AT PLYMOUTH LAST WEEK

They roared away joyfully to the waiting public and the Press—changing to a proper sedateness when the First Lord congratulated them in a few, well-chosen words



DRAKE'S DRUM WAS BROUGHT OUT WHEN MEN OF THE TWO CRUISERS "EXETER" AND "AJAX" WERE ENTERTAINED AT PLYMOUTH

The men, 230 from the *Exeter* and 70 from the *Ajax*, were entertained by the Lord Mayor, and a feature of the event was the presence of Drake's famous drum

WEEK: The Anzacs at Suez, and Two Scenes from France

COMMANDER OF THE BATTLE-SCARRED "EXETER" SHOWS HIS WIFE OVER HIS SHIP

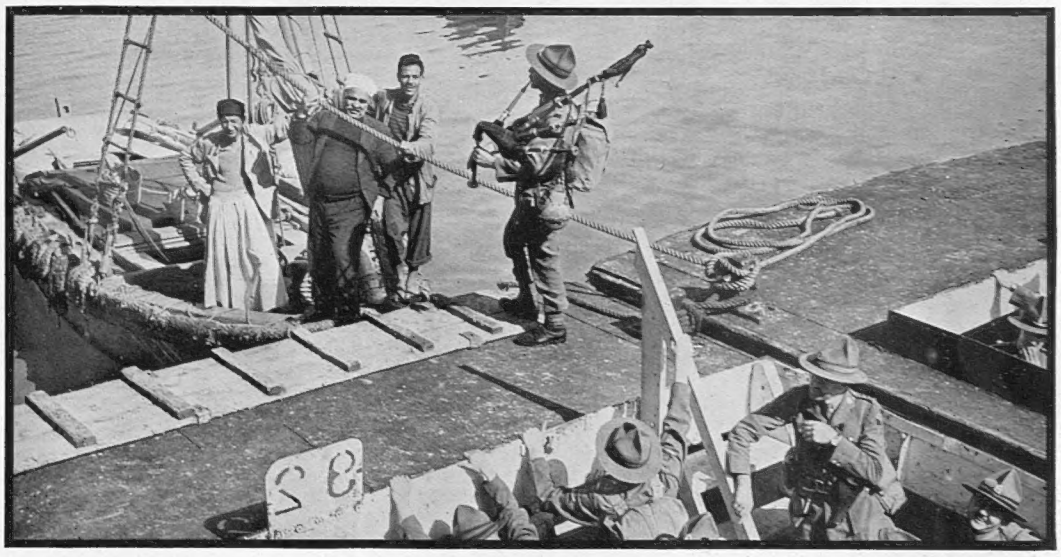
The Commander of the *Exeter*, Captain F. S. Bell, after a very happy reunion with his wife, proudly showed her over his now-famous ship

THE ANZACS ARRIVE IN THE NEAR EAST AND DISEMBARK AT SUEZ

In a huge convoy of luxury liners, escorted by British, French, Australian and New Zealand warships, the Second Australian Imperial Force and the New Zealand Force arrived at Suez and were welcomed by Mr. Eden, Dominions Secretary, who had flown from England with a message to the men from the King

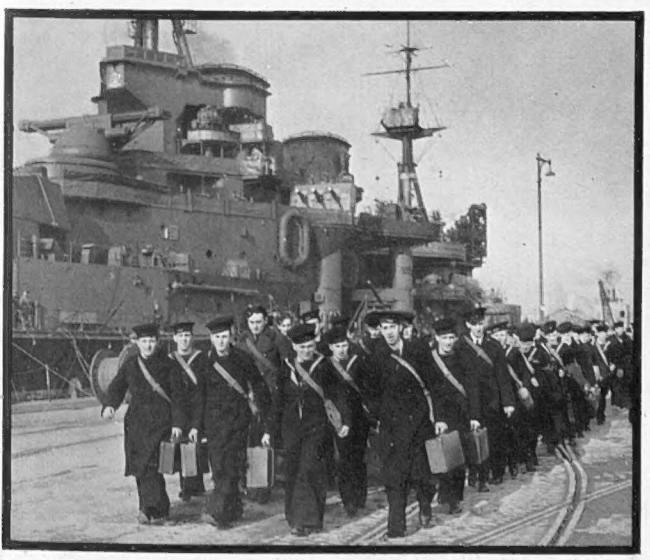
PRESIDENT LEBRUN VISITS THE BRITISH SECTOR OF THE WESTERN LINE

During President Lebrun's visit to the British Sector somewhere in France, he was accompanied by the C.-in-C., Lord Gort, and inspected the British forces, including some mechanised units



THE NEW ZEALANDERS WERE PIPED AWAY INTO LIGHTERS, MUCH TO THE INTEREST OF THE LOCAL BOATMEN

The scenes at Suez revived memories of the old days in the East during 1914–18, but with a difference. *Below*—General Freyberg, V.C., who commands the New Zealanders, introduces Mr. Eden to New Zealand troops, with Sir Miles Lampson on the right



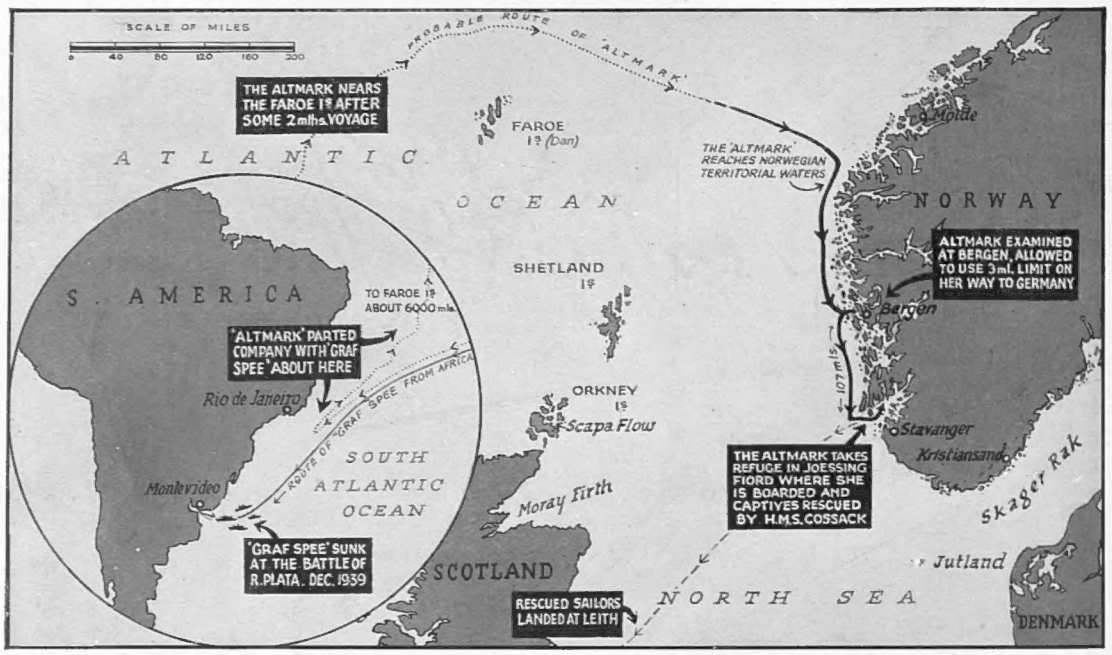
THE BIG BATTLESHIP H.M.S. "REPULSE" ALSO COMES HOME

After a spell of duty of 130 days during which the Germans stated that she had been attacked and sunk, H.M.S. *Repulse* returned to her home port for refuelling and to give her crew a well-earned spell of shore leave

The RESCUE of BRITISH PRISONERS from the German Ship "ALTMARK"

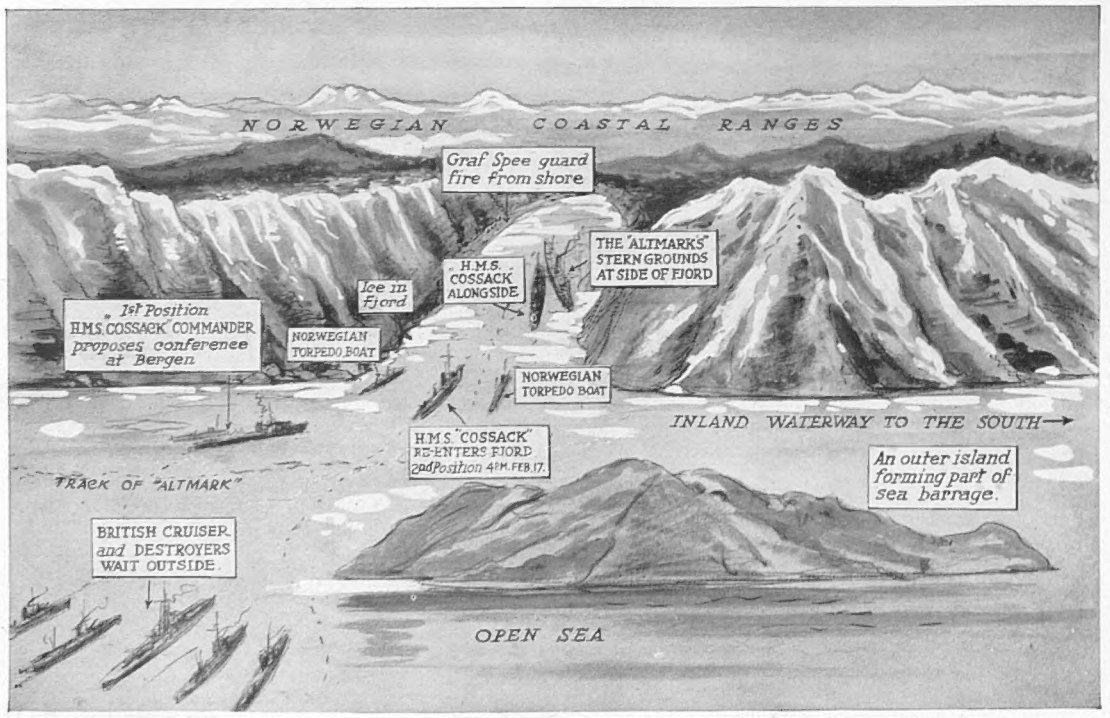
WHERE THE RESCUE TOOK PLACE—THE JOSING FIORD, NEAR STAVANGER

This view gives some idea of the dramatic setting in which the operation of rescuing the British captives took place. The cliffs are high and slope down to a little town at the head of the fiord



HOW THE "ALTMARK" CAME TO ARRIVE IN NORWEGIAN WATERS AFTER PARTING WITH THE "GRAF SPEE" IN DECEMBER

This map has been drawn to show the approximate track of the German tanker after she was last heard of in the South Atlantic off Brazil. There was a long ocean stretch to the Faröe Islands, and then a much shorter leg to the Norwegian inner channel, protected by the numerous islands which line the Norwegian coast. The track of H.M.S. *Cossack* to Leith is also indicated



A PICTORIAL DIAGRAM OF THE TRACKING DOWN AND BOARDING OF THE "ALTMARK" IN JOSING FIORD, NEAR STAVANGER

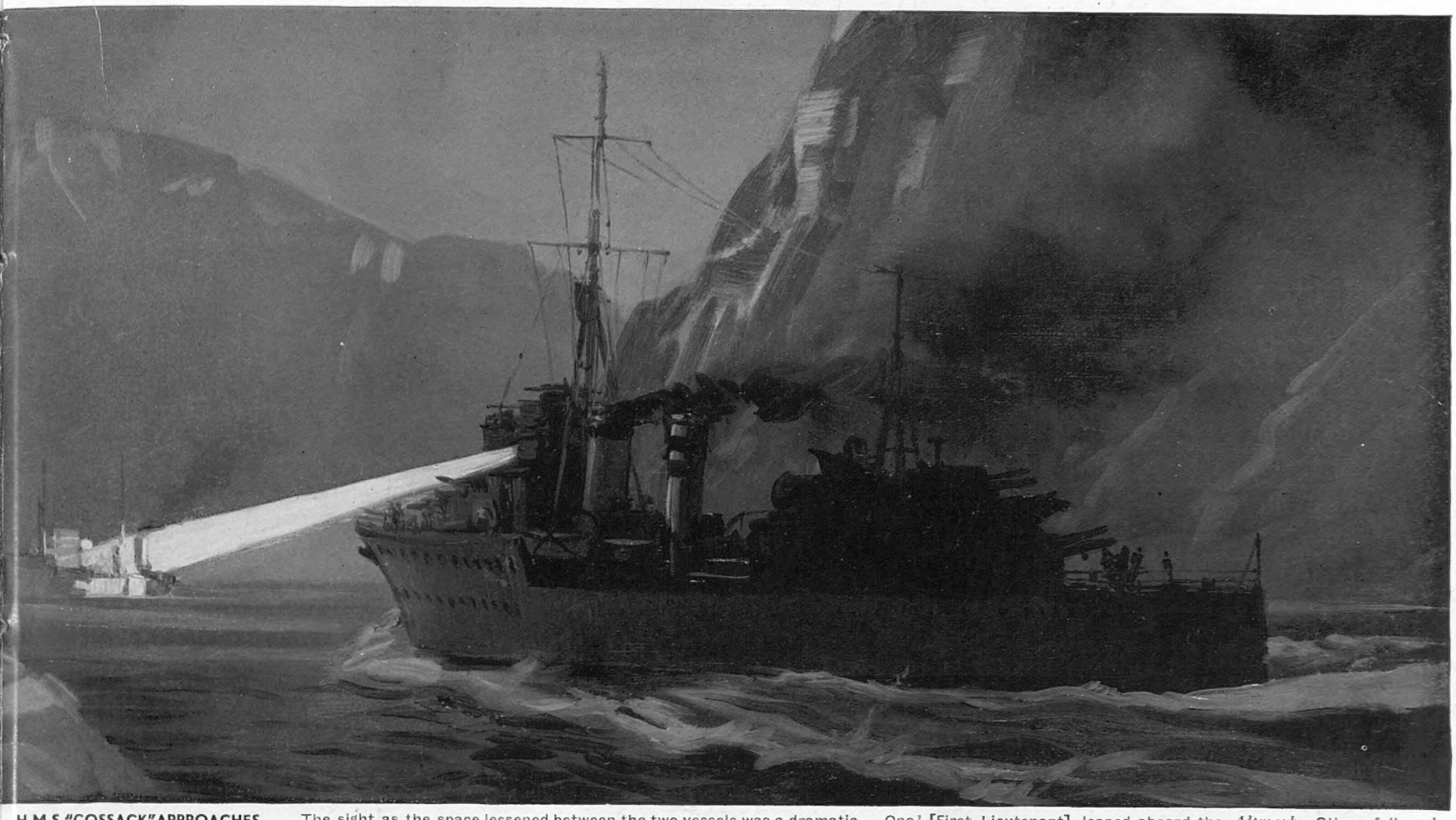
The action begins with the appearance of the *Altmark*, bound south from Bergen, where she had been "inspected" by the Norwegian authorities, who had failed to notice that there were over 300 British prisoners on board. Accompanying the *Altmark* were two small Norwegian torpedo boats. The same afternoon (Friday, February 16) appear on the scene a British cruiser and four or five destroyers. The commander of H.M.S. *Cossack*, one of the destroyers, states to the Norwegian commander that there are British prisoners on the *Altmark*. This is again denied. Captain Vian then suggests a joint conference and examination at Bergen. This proposition is refused. The two Norwegian vessels continue at stations at entrance to fiord. The *Cossack* retires, but later instructions are received from the Admiralty, sanctioned by the Government, for the removal of the prisoners. The *Cossack* moves in between the Norwegian destroyers and forces her way through ice to the *Altmark*, which is partially jammed in the land ice. The *Altmark* is boarded and a scrambling fight takes place. The *Graf Spee* guard flee across ice to the shore and fire on the British from their positions. Two men were wounded crossing the ice, but by whom is not certain. The prisoners were rapidly transferred to the *Cossack* and the little squadron withdrew and all was again quiet in the Norwegian fiord

TWO OF THE RESCUED SEAMEN ON ARRIVAL AT LEITH

The rescued men had a tremendous reception by the crowds gathered in Leith. Previously they had been made comfortable by the Navy

THREE BRITISH PRISONERS OF THE "ALTMARK" ON THEIR WAY HOME

Many of the men were much worn by their hard experiences on the *Altmark*, but good food and cheer is doing wonders. They set out for home in groups



H.M.S. "COSSACK" APPROACHES THE "ALTMARK" IN JOSING FIORD ON THE EVENING OF FEBRUARY 16, AFTER PASSING THE NORWEGIAN GUNBOATS

The sight as the space lessened between the two vessels was a dramatic one. Cliffs 1,000 ft. high towered over the dark fiord in which there was much 4-in. ice. The *Altmark* was partially blocked in this and so thick was the ice that the *Cossack's* motor-boat could not move in it. The *Altmark's* big hull (she is a 12,000-ton vessel) presented a striking silhouette; the captain, a fat little man with black beard, stood on the bridge. "There was about 1 ft. in difference between our forecastle head and the *Altmark's* quarterdeck. But the distance was about 8 ft. Our searchlights were trained on her. With a tremendous spring, well over 6 ft. in length, the officer in charge of the boarding party, 'Jimmy the One' [First Lieutenant], leaped aboard the *Altmark*. Others followed. I jumped but missed and was lucky to be able to scramble back on board the *Cossack* without being ground into paste. The *Altmark* reversed its diesel engines quickly and made another attempt to ram us, this time stern first. She missed us and her stern crashed on to the rocks. She was aground. Meanwhile an officer on the poop of the *Altmark* fired with a revolver upon the handful of boarders who had gained her decks. They then opened fire with their rifles, fixed their bayonets, and charged. As she went aground we nosed alongside and the rest of us gained the deck of the *Altmark*." The skirmishing was mainly on the forward well-deck

HOW H.M.S. "COSSACK" CAME HOME TO LEITH

After a narrow squeak in which four mines were involved, H.M.S. *Cossack* successfully brought home to Leith the rescued seamen from the *Altmark*. The vessel's decks were crowded with the men as she drew near and a rousing welcome was given them

STRENGTHENING OUR POSITION IN THE NEAR EAST

The Australian and New Zealand Contingents Arrive. (The Strategy of the War—XXII.)

By GENERAL SIR CHARLES HARINGTON, G.C.B., G.B.E., D.S.O., D.C.L.

DURING the past week much has happened and much that gives us reason for confidence. Foremost we must place the arrival of the Australian and New Zealand contingents in Egypt and Palestine; another triumph for the Allied navies. It is very pleasing to know of increasing strength in the Middle and Near East, and of the close alliance of Generals Weygand and Wavell. It was a nice touch for Mr. Eden to fly out to Suez with His Majesty's gracious message of welcome to the Anzacs, and one which they will never forget. Although I served with the Canadians in the last war, I also saw a lot of the Australians and New Zealanders as they served frequently in the Ypres salient, and I had the greatest admiration for them.

There must be many of their sons amongst the new arrivals. All the troops of our Dominions had a great affection for my old chief, Lord Plumer. He had had them under him in South Africa and had won their trust. It was owing to that that I got to know them so well. I learned that in dealing with them one must adopt a somewhat different procedure to that necessary when dealing with our own troops. They did not understand or want to understand much of what I might call our routine procedure. Orders issued by G.H.Q. or Army Headquarters did not always appeal to them. Their attitude was always, "Now, tell us *exactly* what you want us to do and we will do it. We don't want any red tape stuff."

They were delightful people to deal with. And once again their presence alongside British and Indian troops has set all the amateur strategists in every country busy with conjecture. It would be easy to be an instructor at the Staff College these days, one could set so many problems as to what might happen.

We are all so sick of wondering what Hitler will do. I am only anxious to turn our thoughts to "what will the Allies do?" and let Hitler have his turn at guessing. Let him see the shadows coming. We have got to make him realise that his days of dictating have ended. Once we do this I feel that many neutrals will think more clearly and usefully.

I like to picture the arrival of H.M.S. *Exeter* at Plymouth and the welcome so richly deserved. I did that journey a few years ago on the bridge of the *Queen Elizabeth* with the late Admiral Sir W. W. Fisher, who brought me home from Gibraltar before King George's Jubilee Review of the Fleet. The *Exeter* has indeed stamped her name upon the annals of British naval history. Her welcome, coupled with the destruction of six U-boats within the past eight days, is all to the good.

During the same period, however, occurred the tragic death of Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada. He served not only Canada but his King and country truly, and died, as he would have wished, in the service of the Empire.

There can be no doubt that the recent Russian attacks have been heavier and heavier, and that better and more seasoned troops have been employed, but in spite of this, as I write, the Finns are still holding out. It is probably true that the Russians have gained certain advanced posts, but that is a very different story from a break through. The fighting on the Karelian Isthmus and other points must have been terrific, yet the Finns are still holding on, buoyed up by the knowledge that help in the shape of aeroplanes, munitions and volunteers is on the way. These volunteers are of the hard-bitten type, who have no other idea but to help the gallant Finns against their brutal aggressors, and to show what they think of people who bomb defenceless hospitals, etc.

As an observer from Finland said recently, the next few weeks will be the most critical, and if ever help was needed it is needed now. We are more than half-way through February, the thaw will come soon. The Russian must win now if he is going to win. If not, the country will be impassable. The Russians are no doubt employing every sort of tank and mechanised vehicle, bringing up infantry in sleighs behind them, but at the moment they have not succeeded.

I often think what a curse to the world the internal combustion engine has been. We were much happier when we cycled ten miles to a cricket match with our cricket bag on the handle bars. If we fell off there was no one to run over us. Wars were fought as between gentlemen. Opposing commanders, as in the Peninsula War, would salute each other from opposite sides of a valley and then fight like gentlemen. Now every kind of beastliness is employed, by sea and under the sea, by land and air. But in all history no peoples have ever sunk to the level of the present Germans and Russians in their despicable methods of killing people in the icy sea, in fishing smacks and lightships, and in the deliberate bombing of hospitals. They have exceeded all limits.

In our history there has always been a sense of chivalry; we have been proud to fight as gentlemen. In fact, I think one can say that that prevailed until the Germans produced gas against the Canadians and others at Ypres in 1915; that really turned the whole attitude of war. All chivalry and sportsmanlike feeling went out of it. We invented tanks to overcome wire and machine-guns; the Germans concentrated on gas; the war of mining began. How well I remember our Second Army capture of the Messines Ridge and our thirty-three mines under that ridge and at Hill 60. We literally blew the ridge up. I recollect next morning going into a German dug-out near Spanbrookmolen, close to Wytschaete, and seeing four German officers sitting round a table as if playing bridge; all dead, killed by the shock of the mines. Ever since, scientists have been busy trying to make war more and more horrible by sea, land, and air. And it is all due to the *infernal* combustion engine.

Amongst all these infamies of modern war two things stand to our credit. First is that we have sunk no neutral ships, a vivid contrast to the record of our enemy. The second is Mr. Winston Churchill's reply to a question as to why we saved Germans from drowning on the high seas—"instincts of humanity."

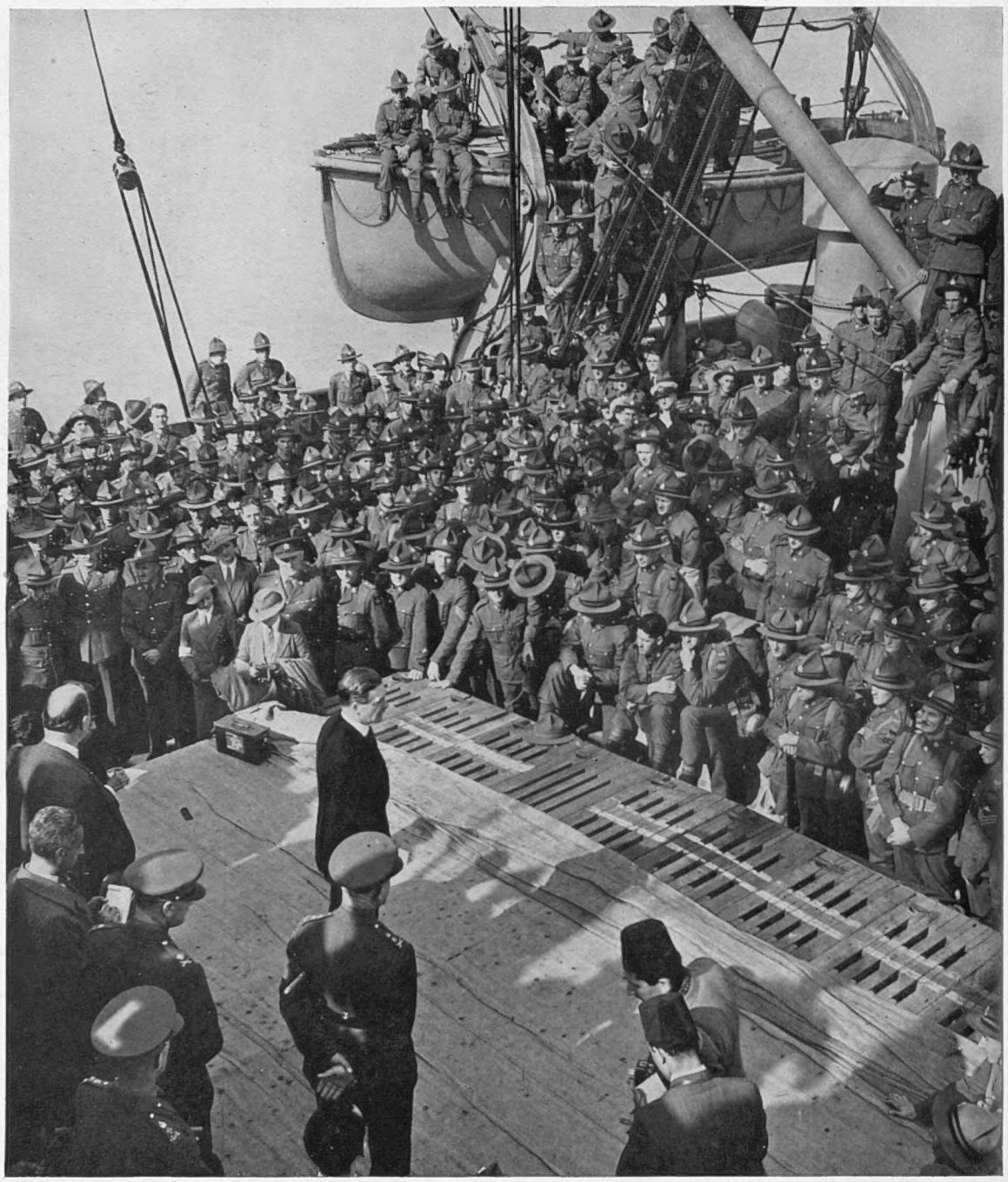
The big question is what happens if the Russians fail to knock out the Finns completely in the next few weeks? I suppose Hitler and Stalin will confer. I should like to be a fly on the wall. Something has to happen. Stalin's stock won't stand very high if he has not been able to subdue 4,000,000 Finns, and will Hitler be convinced that Stalin's roller will steam any better on the other side of Europe? If it doesn't, where is Hitler? It is no good his shouting. That is all dead long ago. He has got to act and when and where? That is his problem. Whatever he does he cannot afford to fail, and where is he certain to win? Certainly not at sea, and on trial up to date, not in the air. On land we have nothing by which to judge, but the Allies are not afraid.

In the economic world it is clear that the Germans are used to privations and have been brought up to them, and that they will endure them for a long time. It is also possible that the neutrals who now supply them and may not get their money will prefer to deal with powers from which they are certain of receiving payment. Recent figures regarding German imports and exports are interesting. This is a barometer which requires careful study.

Hitler's recent order to his U-boats to sink everything at sight will certainly not put up his credit with the neutrals. That may well be an order which he will regret before he is much older. Incredible as it was that one man alone should have been able to bring all this suffering on the world by his threats and actions, it is equally incredible that this same man can hold his dictatorial attitude for long. Even by now his shouts and orders carry less and less weight. He has made but few speeches since the beer garden incident.

The account of the rescue of the 300 Merchant Service men from the *Altmark* makes thrilling reading, and with what joy those British destroyers must have received the Admiralty orders to go in and do it, and right well did they obey. The wickedness which the Germans have perpetrated at sea should put them outside the plea for security in territorial waters. The thing is to get the bird in the bag. They can argue about it afterwards in any amount of courts. As the First Lord of the Admiralty said recently, we shall never employ methods outside the instincts of humanity. There must have been a lot of happy people at Leith last Saturday when those men were landed, and certainly there was no one amongst them who thought that our destroyers were wrong to enter territorial waters and prevent the *Altmark* slinking up the coast to Germany.

We can close this week on an optimistic note.



THE ANZACS ARRIVE IN THE MIDDLE EAST

Mr. Anthony Eden, Dominions Secretary, addressing the troops at Suez, where he had flown to welcome them with a special message from the King. The troops, which represent the Australian Imperial Force and the New Zealand Expeditionary Force, were conveyed to Suez in luxury liners escorted by British, French, Australian and New Zealand warships

KEEPING A WATCH ON THE SKY IN FRANCE: *Scenes with the R.A.*

EVERY FORM OF GUNNERY IS PRACTISED, IF NOT YET FULLY AGAINST THE FOE

In padded raincoats, this pair keep watch for any possible raider from the enemy lines. Metal tripods are employed

THE R.A. ARE BUSY PERFECTING THINGS IN FRANCE

A field telephonist creates a special station in France behind the lines. A shoot is in progress by the R.A. He himself is protected against the piercing winds by a helmet hood

THE SLIM ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN IS EVER READY FOR ATTACK FROM THE AIR

Four of these elegant little shells are clipped together and ensure very rapid fire

SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SUNSET SKY, A BREN GUN POKES ITS NOSE

The camera has caught a particularly effective moment at the hour of sunset

THE ROYAL ARTILLERY ARE IN CONSTANT PRACTICE BEHIND THE BRITISH LINES

A practice engagement against enemy batteries is planned. The control officer is standing on the left. Results of actual fire are recorded in a special area

THE MENACE OF

WATCHING FOR MINES FROM THE WHITE CLIFFS OF ALBION

The coastguards of our shores are many to-day. Some watch the waters for one thing, some another. Here is one watching for bobbing black spheres

HORNED, AND FULL OF UGLY POTENTIALITIES, THE MINE DRIFTS TOWARDS THE SHORE

As it approaches the beach, a naval man adroitly lassoes it

ROLLING A SPHERICAL MINE ALONG THE BEACH AFTER THE BASE PLATE HAS BEEN REMOVED

This great globe is about 1 yard in diameter and probably 60 per cent. heavier than its predecessors of the Great War

THIS TIME IT IS A GERMAN MINE WHICH HAS BEEN GARNERED FROM THE SEA

This mine appears to have been dented in at the top. It is covered with discoloration

REMOVING THE BASE PLATE TO RENDER THE MINE HARMLESS

The above and the picture *on the left* illustrate the process of removing the base plate. The metal case is heavy and requires some four or five men to handle it

THE STRANDED MINE

DRAGGING THE UGLY BRUTE ASHORE ON A SOUTH-EASTERLY COAST

As soon as the horned mine is successfully lassoed, a party of naval men start hauling it ashore. It may be a foreigner, but often it is a British mine, broken from its sinker mooring

A FLOATING MINE DESTROYED BY GUN-FIRE

A sharp look out is also kept at sea for mines which have broken loose. This one was destroyed by gun-fire

REVEALING THE INNER WORKS OF A STRANDED MINE

Above—One gets a glimpse of the actual inside parts of a mine. *On right*—The now harmless shell is carried off by lorry to be refitted

FRANCE'S MILITARY MISSION in LONDON

Housed in the Recently Completed French Institute

ON THE IMPOSING STAIRWAY OF THE FRENCH INSTITUTE

Some members of the French Military Mission in London which has become necessary owing to the very close alliance of the armies of the Allies

THE GENERAL COMMANDING THE MISSION WITH HIS ASSISTANT MILITARY ATTACHE AND CHIEF OF STAFF (RIGHT) IN THE MAP-LINED ROOM AT THE INSTITUTE

The French Military Mission in London is commanded by Lieut.-General Lelong, C.V.O., French Military Attache. It works in close liaison with the War Office and is housed in the French Institute. Several of the staff officers who work under Lieut.-General Lelong have been known in London for many years. *On right*, a group of the staff at lunch, including secretaries and chauffeurs

IN EXCELLENTLY APPOINTED ROOMS THE ADMINISTRATIVE DEPARTMENT CARRIES ON A BUSY LIFE

The presence of French officers in the streets of London is accounted for by the work entailed by the close liaison between the two armies. Many of the officers are attached to the mission illustrated here. *On left*—The post office department of the Institute

READY FOR ANY EMERGENCY IN THE AIR

An officer of the R.A.F. about to go up for parachute training at the R.A.F. Parachute School. This picture shows how the equipment is worn when in the air; note the auxiliary parachute worn on the left side, in addition to the main parachute on the back, as a refinement of caution when performing voluntary "drops" and "pull-offs"

NOT THE SORT OF UNIFORM FOR THE HOT WEATHER

The Sidcot Suit is unwieldy enough, but when the parachute harness is buckled on over this the airman is far from comfortable—when on the ground. In the air the awkwardness of all this heavy equipment seems to disappear. In this case, too (as in the upper picture), both side and back parachutes are being worn

SPECIAL SPHERE SECTION

BALING OUT....

Special section dealing with the "Lifebuoy of the Air", the Parachute. (With special diagrams; and descriptive articles by CHARLES G. GREY)

PARACHUTES have rightly been called the "Lifebuoys of the Air." During the War 1914–18 no parachutes were used in British aeroplanes, but they were used in kite balloons. The parachutes were packed in light metal holders, which were attached to the basket of the balloon, and when the man jumped he fell so much faster than the burning balloon that his weight jerked the parachute out of the case so that it opened.

Those authorities who had the decision of such things refused to allow the use of parachutes in aeroplanes because they were afraid that if a man jumped (a) he might not fall fast enough to pull the parachute out of its case if the machine were diving out of control; or (b) as the parachute pulled out it might foul part of the aeroplane; or (c) if the machine caught fire, the fire might burn the parachute before the man jumped; or (d) the parachute might fail to open after leaving its case; or (e) the man might do so deliberately over enemy territory to be taken prisoner and get out of the war.

There was an exception to the general rule—parachutes were used in aeroplanes to drop spies—more politely called "agents"—into enemy territory, generally in the grey dawn.

Before the end of the war the Germans had already evolved a parachute which opened when the man pulled a ring, without the parachute being attached to the aeroplane. At least half a dozen parachutes designed for the same purpose existed in this country before the end of the war, but the technical experts of the new Air Ministry refused to approve them for use in the Air Force because they had not been proved 100 per cent. efficient.

The result was that hundreds of men were killed when their machines were set alight or when the controls were damaged, when they might have lived even if the parachutes had only been 50 per cent. efficient.

Parachutes are by no means a new idea. That universal genius Leonardo da Vinci designed parachutes in the fifteeth-sixteenth century. And people often jumped from high walls with instruments like enlarged umbrellas. When hot air balloons were invented by the brothers Montgolfier, daring acrobats—who more correctly should be called aerobats (see any good Greek dictionary)—descended from them with parachutes, and fifty years ago parachute descents from balloons filled with coal-gas were common performances at almost any country fair.

THE ALL-IMPORTANT "RING"

The "ring" of early days has now disappeared. In its place is this very substantial bar. By pulling on this, the parachute apparatus is released

The modern parachute is a very different apparatus. It is made of the finest silk, its cords are also of fine silk, and everything about it is designed to combine strength with lightness—strength for the benefit of the user, and lightness to prevent its being an encumbrance to the aeroplane.

The first free parachute to be standardised for use in the R.A.F. was invented by Mr. Leslie Irvin, a citizen of the United States. By some mistake his company in the States was registered as the Irving Air Chute Company, with a "g"—consequently the company and the parachute are called "Irving."

Another parachute which has proved itself to be equally reliable in official Air Ministry tests is that invented by Mr. Raymond Quilter, the son of Sir Cuthbert Quilter, Bart., and brother of Mr. Roger Quilter, the musician.

In these days a parachute is provided for every R.A.F. man in every aeroplane. But the parachutes are worn differently according to the job the man has to do. The pilot of an aeroplane invariably wears what is known as a "seat" type parachute. When he gets into his flying suit he puts his parachute on over his kit in such a position that when he is in his place the parachute fits into a recess in the seat, just as the cushion of a motor-car is held in position, and the parachute becomes the pilot's seat.

In the big multi-motor, multi-gun bombers the parachutes are generally of what is called the "breast" type. The user puts on his harness over his flying clothes, as do the pilots, but there is a hook on the chest to which the parachute is attached. When the man is at work in the machine the parachute pack is hung on a hook inside the aeroplane. When the man needs the parachute he has to take it off the hook and fix it on to his harness.

One may easily appreciate the fact that these attachable parachutes are not altogether as handy as are those which are permanently attached to the pilot. A man may be using a machine-gun or he may be doing some job of work inside the machine a good many feet away from where his parachute is stowed. Consequently, if the machine should be badly shot up or if it should catch fire at that moment, he may have to scramble for his own length or more along a narrow alley-way, or creep-way, of an aeroplane before he can reach his parachute. He may make a mistake in hooking it on to his harness, though that is very unlikely. And then he has to find a way of getting out of the machine.

That matter of getting out of an aeroplane with a parachute is not so simple as it might seem. When exhibition jumps are given, or when men walk out

(Continued on following page)

THE PARACHUTE BEGINS TO OPEN

This picture, taken during training in parachute jumping, shows how the small pilot parachute housed at the top of the main parachute pulls the latter open: the airman has let go of the strut and is being pulled violently off into space as the big parachute begins to fill with air

DROPPING CLEAR OF THE AEROPLANE

The upper man has just ripped his parachute—the small pilot parachute is already billowing out: a few seconds later it will have released the main chute exactly as demonstrated by the lower man, who will continue to fall head downwards until brought back into the upright position again by the pull on the harness of the big parachute

SPECIAL SPHERE SECTION

BALING OUT

What Actually Happens when the

(Continued from previous page)

of the door of an air liner to show what parachute troops are supposed to do, the job looks quite easy. But getting out of an aeroplane which has been badly damaged and is lashing round in circles is by no means easy.

The would-be jumper may be held tight by centrifugal force against the side of the machine and may be unable to prise himself clear of it.

The "back" type parachute is used only in training, for pull-off drops. Generally the learner wears a second parachute of the "breast" type as a reserve, chiefly to give him confidence, so that he may think that if the back parachute rips when it is opened and pulls him off the strut, he will still have the breast parachute to save him. In practice the back parachute does not fail.

When the "seat" type parachute was standardised for pilots the "lap" type was developed for observers and gunners. A gunner standing up and turning round in a Scarff gun-ring was less encumbered by a parachute hanging over his thighs and knees than he would have been by one attached to him (or his) behind. And a sitting observer looking overside found a parachute pack on his lap a handy thing on which to make notes.

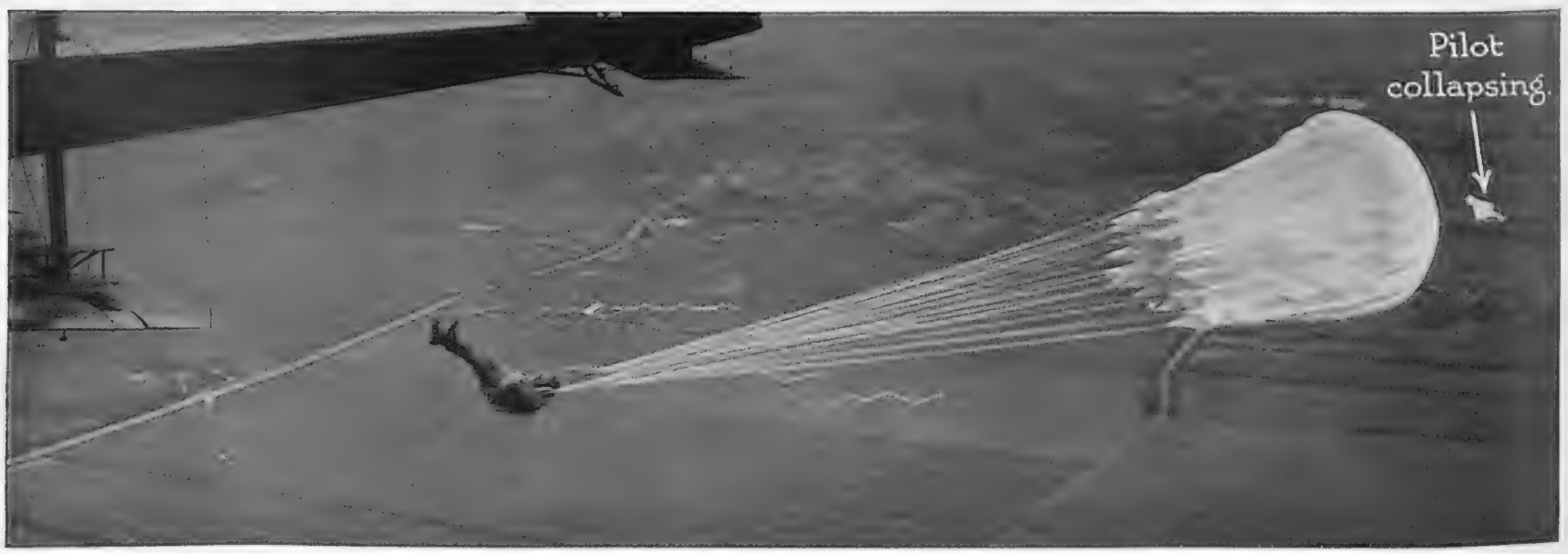
One hears at times of the difficulty of getting out of an aeroplane when wearing a parachute. That is to some extent unavoidable. I asked a famous designer of aeroplanes recently whether anything could be done about it. He said, in effect, that if a man could get into an aeroplane with a parachute on he could get out by the same road by reversing the process of entering; which sounds well, but cannot always be done. A machine may be hit and a sliding roof or a gun cupola may be jammed, or a piece of metal or timber may be broken and may stick out and catch in the parachute pack or harness.

The photographs reproduced here must not be taken to represent the methods of leaving an aeroplane now in use in the R.A.F. To-day most of the aircraft employed in the war are cabin aeroplanes—so that a different technique must be employed. These pictures are only intended to show how the parachute operates once the airman has pulled the ripping bar and how he is then borne earthwards by this wonderful "Lifebuoy of the Air"

From some types of aeroplane escape with a parachute without hurting oneself is a matter of luck. The orthodox way of getting out for pilots and navigators and bomb-aimers and so forth is to climb out of the top of the cockpit and let oneself be blown back over the trailing edge of the wing. But in certain types of machine, if they are diving or flying straight, getting out in that way means almost certainly being hit by the leading edge of the tail.

That is because the human body is very unsatisfactorily streamlined and so when it gets out into the air, through which the machine is moving fast, the human body comes to a standstill practically at once. And as the machine may be diving at 400 m.p.h. or sliding through the air horizontally at anything over 200 m.p.h. the chance of being caught and hit by the tail-plane or the tail-wheel is fairly high. I do not know of any authentic instance of a parachutist being killed in that way, but I have heard of a good many nasty bumps.

That danger is one of the chief objections to the use of propeller airscrews behind instead of the more common tractor airscrews in front. If a man gets out of the cockpit into the stream of a tractor screw he is driven backwards, and, barring



THE PILOT PARACHUTE, HAVING FULFILLED ITS PURPOSE, IS NOW COLLAPSING

As the air fills the main parachute, the very much smaller pilot parachute collapses in the manner seen above. The shrouds are beginning to take the airman's weight, and within a few seconds he will be swinging safely from the shoulders and in an upright position. This picture was taken from a height of about 2,000 ft., and shows how the earth looks to the airman from that altitude

IN THE AIR

Airman Takes to His Parachute

the chance of being hit by the tail, he is well free of the machine. But if the machine happens to have a pusher screw such as has been illustrated recently in the pictures of the new German Focke-Wulf 400 m.p.h. fighter,

THIS IS THE RELEASE BAR
And quite a pull on it is required before the parachute will begin to open

SEATED ON HIS PARACHUTE
The pilot of a Supermarine Spitfire is being strapped into his aerobatic harness. His parachute forms the cushion of his seat

the pilot's chances of "being mopped up by the screw," as Kipling called it, are pretty nearly 100 per cent.

Assuming that the aeroplane is not so badly shot about as to prevent a normal exit through the door or windows provided for the purpose, the orthodox method of parachuting is to let oneself be swept off the machine by the rush of air past it, holding the release ring or bar of the parachute firmly in one's right hand. One is then supposed to count three and pull.

After that the parachute should be wide open in a matter of three or four seconds. The sensation is, I am told, rather like sitting down in an enormous feather bed. The speed of the fall is checked as soon as the parachute begins to pull out of its pack, and then as the parachute begins to open the air provides a cushioning effect, and the ultimate strain is taken by the rubber shock-absorbing cords attached to the parachute lines.

In any case, the speed of a man through the air is nothing like so high as people think. One used to hear the theory that if one fell from a great height one was already dead before one reached the ground because of the pressure of the air as one was falling. Actually the maximum speed of the human body falling through the air is roughly 120 m.p.h.

If a parachutist finds himself likely to be blown outside the area on which he hopes to land, he can shorten the distance of his float, and to a certain extent he can guide the parachute to right or left, by pulling on the parachute lines. Doing this pulls down the edge of the parachute on that side, and so spills the air and speeds up the rate of drop.

In actual alighting the proper technique is to let oneself go and fall all of a heap. Scientists have calculated that a man of medium weight with a standard type parachute hits the ground about as hard as if he had jumped off a 12-ft. wall.

That would be a very uncomfortable drop if one landed vertically, but as the parachute is travelling across the ground at the same speed as the wind which happens to be blowing at the moment at ground level, the parachutist does in fact hit the ground a glancing blow and does not get a direct shock.

In the early days of parachuting from balloons, when much bigger parachutes were used, the proper technique was for the parachutist to twist himself so as to face down wind and then to start running furiously in the direction in which he was landing. The sight of a man running frantically some feet off the ground was always amusing.

In these days, because the drop is harder, complete relaxation is found to be safer. And professional parachutists such as Mr. Gwynne Johns and Mr. de Groot wear special boots with very thick sorbo-sponge soles, and leggings padded right up the thigh so as to save any shock on the thigh bones or pelvis if, after hitting the ground, the man falls over on to a hard patch or on to a stone.

As a rule, when a man is being taught to use parachutes (a purely voluntary course of instruction) he is taken up standing on little platforms on the lower planes of old-fashioned tractor biplanes, well outside the span of the tailplanes, and holding on to the interplane struts. When he is given the word to jump he pulls the ring, the parachute opens, and they are pulled off the wing. If the parachute refused to open he would just be left standing and still hanging on to the strut.

One strong young Irish officer was seized with a desire to see what would happen if he did not let go. So he opened the parachute and held tight to the wing-strut. It bent like a bow and the heavy twin-motor bomber started to do a spin before he decided that he had better let go to avoid wrecking the aeroplane.

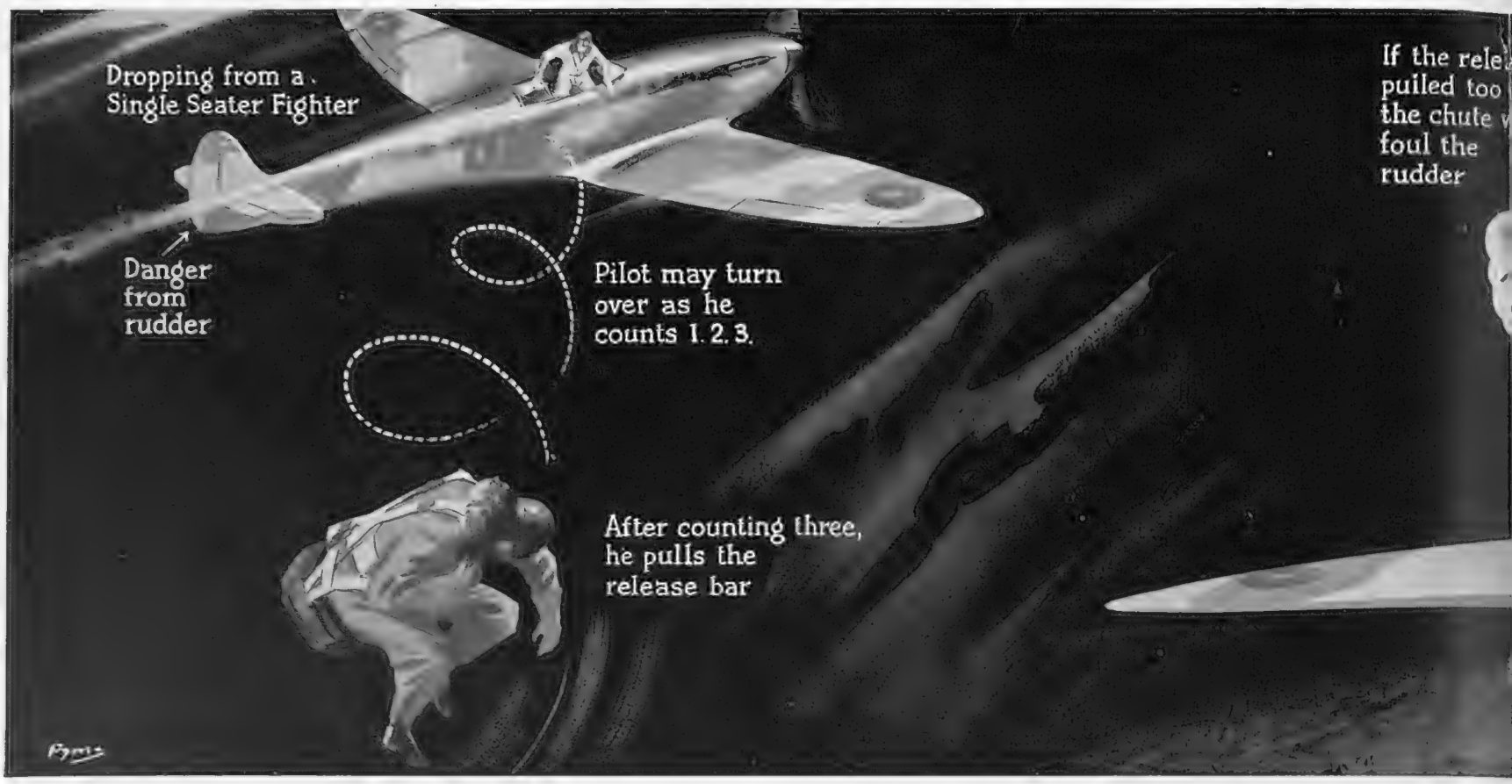
Sometimes fate plays unkind tricks to parachutists. A particularly brilliant test pilot in the R.A.F. took a machine up a year or so ago to discover whether, in certain conditions, the machine would refuse to come out of a spin. It did refuse, after whirling down about a mile, so he left it by parachute. While spinning, the machine had drifted out over the coast and he alighted in the sea, quite near the shore on a perfectly calm day. And because of the calm the parachute settled on top of him and drowned him. Practically the same thing happened to an English professional parachute jumper in Denmark some ten years earlier.

A precisely opposite effect practically saved the life of an English professional parachute jumper, Major Orde-Lees, in Stockholm Harbour. There was a gale blowing, but he had undertaken to give a demonstration of Mr. Calthrop's Guardian Angel parachute to the chiefs of the Swedish Air Force and to the King. So he dropped well away to windward over the sea. When he hit the water the gale was blowing so hard that it inflated the parachute, which towed him on the surface of the water so fast that a motor-boat which put out to rescue him could not catch the parachute.

(Continued on following page)

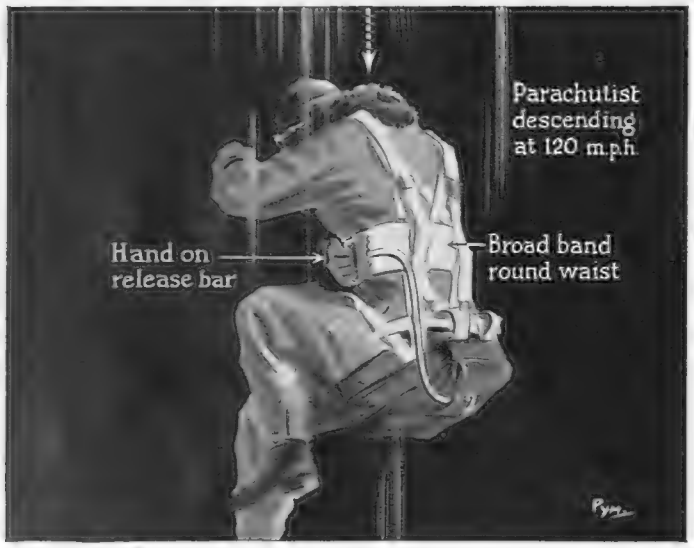
A DOUBLE JUMP, WITH BOTH PARACHUTES NEARLY FULL
The man on the left is just swinging into the upright position; but the man on the right, who must have left the plane a few seconds later, is still hurtling downwards, head first. His parachute, it will be observed, is not quite so full as the one on the left

AFTER THE AIRMAN LEAVES THE PLANE
Having got clear of the aeroplane—not such an easy task as some might imagine (*see* following pages)—the airman falls head first (because that is the heavier part of the human frame) until he reaches a terminal velocity of 120 m.p.h. No matter how far he may fall, his speed never exceeds that figure thereafter, because the body's resistance then equals the gravitational pull. As the small chute opens, it drags out the large chute with it; as the latter takes the strain of the airman's weight, there is often quite an appreciable tug on the latter's shoulders and legs, to which the parachute is attached. When fully inflated, the parachute sometimes shows a tendency to rotate; nevertheless, by skilful twistings of his body, the skilled parachutist can often avoid tall objects in his downward path—such as trees or church steeples. To meet the impact with the earth, the airman usually draws up his knees and lets his body hang limp, because when he touches ground the shock is equal to that of a 12 ft. drop. If a strongish wind is blowing at the time he may be dragged along over the ground as he alights at anything from 5 to 20 m.p.h. before he can steady himself and come to a halt with a collapsed chute



THE CREW "ABANDON SHIP"—HOW IT IS DONE IN A SINGLE-SEATER FIGHTER AND IN A MODERN BOMBER

According to the job he is called upon to do, so is an airman's parachute worn differently. In the single-seater fighter, the parachute is worn behind and serves as the pilot's seat cushion: when leaving the aeroplane the pilot jumps overboard, being particularly careful to clear the rudder of the plane. The crew of a bomber wear either a "breast" type of parachute, or attach it in emergency to a hook on the chest. The problem of leaving a big cabin bomber is a very difficult one, as Mr. Grey points out

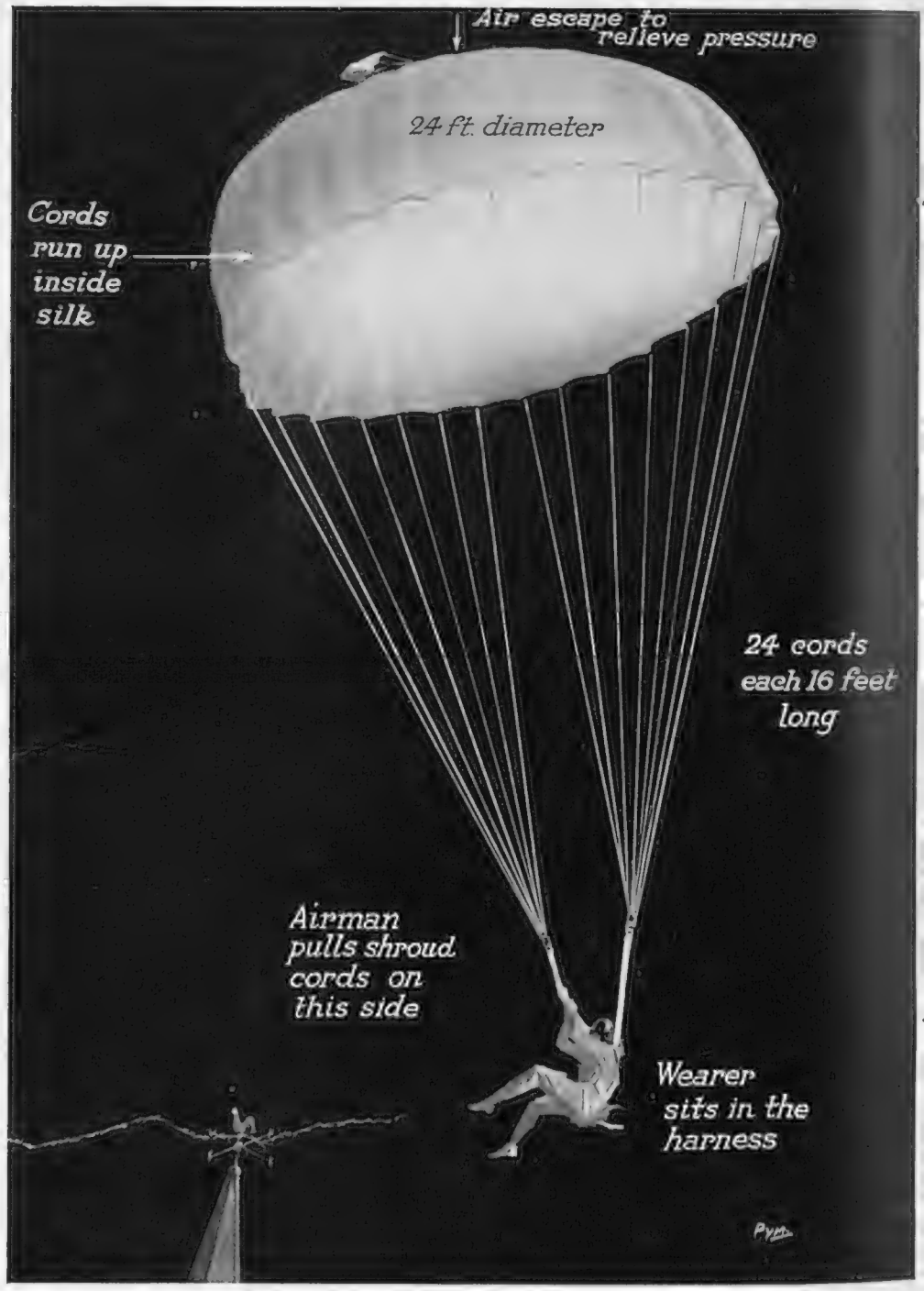


BEFORE THE RELEASE BAR IS PULLED

After the airman has left his plane, it is essential that he should not pull the release bar too soon, else there is very grave danger that his quickly released parachute may foul the tail of the aeroplane. Should this happen he is doomed; and in the case of a spinning aircraft following the airman downwards this is a very real danger. Before he jumps, the airman puts his hand over the release bar, ready to pull after he has counted off the seconds. It has been found very difficult to locate the bar unless this is done, as the airman is all of a fluster and spinning head over heels at 120 m.p.h., with the air tugging at every part of him!

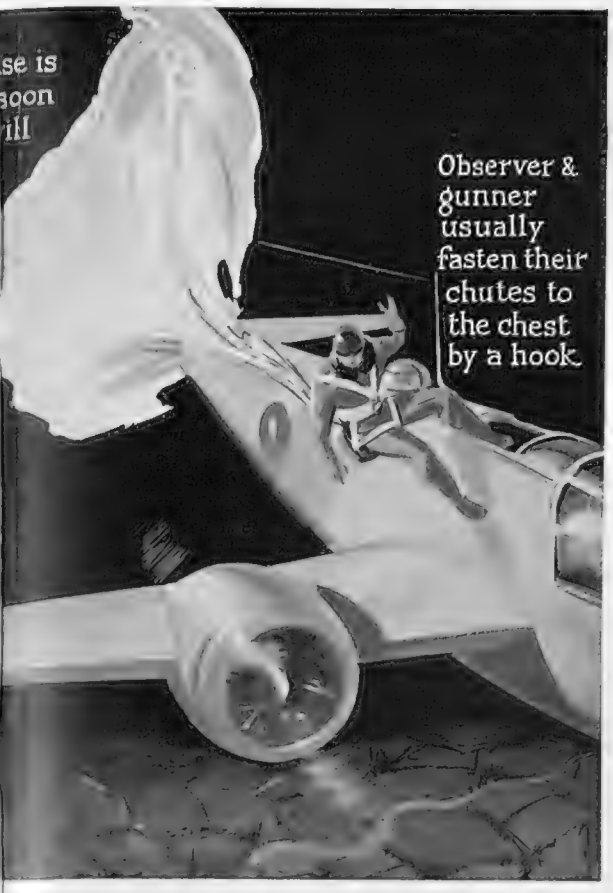
AFTER THE RELEASE BAR HAS BEEN PULLED

An excellent diagrammatic exposition of what happens as soon as the bar is pulled. Here the tiny pilot parachute is filled with air and exerting a powerful tug on the main parachute. As soon as the latter is fully extended, the small pilot will collapse as the air flow will then be obstructed by the much larger area of the big parachute



ON THE WAY DOWN AND NEAR TO THE GROUND

The pilot parachute has fulfilled its purpose and collapsed. The parachutist is here seen avoiding the dangerous steeple by emptying the air from one side of his parachute which thus causes it to move in the opposite direction: this action also causes the parachute to drop at a greater speed. (There is no method of *delaying* the speed.) Another method of changing direction is to twist the body sharply, thus causing the parachute to spin



SPECIAL SPHERE SECTION

BALING OUT . . .

Controlling the Parachute on the Way Down

(Continued from previous page)

He fetched up ultimately against the side of a dock and was hauled out.

As anyone may easily understand, the value of a parachute depends on the certainty of its opening. Consequently the silk canopy, as it is called, has to be folded with the greatest care, when it is absolutely dry. The silk cords, or lines, or shrouds, as they are variously called, have to be laid inside the pack so that they do not tangle or ravel or twist on one another, or become knotted.

Then the little pilot parachute has to be folded and packed carefully on top of the canopy and shrouds, so that it will spring out as soon as the opening in the pack is freed by pulling out the release wire, which is sometimes called the rip cord, a phrase which is a relic of the old ballooning days.

The amount of trouble which is taken over all these things by the Aeronautical Inspection Department at the Air Ministry is colossal. Every length of silk (bolt is, I believe, the technical term) is subjected to tests for tensile strength and bursting strength. Samples of the silk cord are taken at frequent intervals and tested by special machines to breaking point. The leather from which the harness is made is similarly tested, and so is the metal from which the buckles and rings are made. And, every now and then, a complete harness and a complete set of shroud lines is tested to breaking point to see whether there is any chronic weak spot in the whole outfit.

Even then parachutes which have never been used have to be released and re-packed at intervals of about a month to make sure that they have not become damp and jammed. In this connection, perhaps I may end this article with another piece of useful experience.

A certain test pilot of a famous aircraft firm took up a four-motor bomber of experimental design. With him he took three of his own firm of makers and one man belonging to the people who had made the motors. At a height of some thousands of feet the tail began to wobble dangerously and he found that he could not control the machine properly, so he told the man who was sitting alongside of him to tell the other fellows inside to jump with their parachutes.

After a minute or so the man came back to say that the other men would not jump because the engine-maker's man had not brought a parachute and they could not jump and leave a pal to die. So the pilot wrestled with the aeroplane and managed to get it down in one piece.

After he had landed he remembered that his parachute had not been re-packed for a long time, and when he tried to open it two strong men standing on the pack could not pull out the handle and release-wire. They found that the pack had been wet and dried so often that the wire had rusted on to the metal rings which hold the lips of the opening together. Although the rusting was caused by lack of proper care and attention of the parachute the parachute makers altered the design so that such a thing could not happen again. The pilot was left with the consoling thought that if the engine-man had brought his parachute he himself, the pilot, would have been dead—which only shows, does it not?

A PERFECT PARACHUTE DESCENT

An actual photograph in which perfect action is displayed both by parachutist and parachute. The former is holding on to the shrouds, with body erect, ready to twist into any desired position; the parachute itself is beautifully and symmetrically filled, with every inch "drawing"—as a sailor would say

AND THIS IS HOW THE CORDS ARE ATTACHED TO THE HARNESS

When the parachute is fully open, every cord bears its due proportion of the airman's weight. In one part of the harness itself, there is a portion possessing a certain amount of elasticity, so that the ultimate shock to the airman is not too great when the parachute fully fills with air

ONE OF THE EARLY STAGES IN THE PACKING OF A PARACHUTE

The packing is carried out with the very greatest care. First and most important, the silk of the parachute itself and the cords must be absolutely dry, else tiny flaws occur, which become big flaws and ultimately ruin the whole apparatus. Packing is a highly skilled job which only fully-qualified and certificated R.A.F. men or civilians may carry out. The value of a parachute depends on the certainty of its opening: therefore the silk canopy has to be folded with the very greatest care; and here is seen one of the first stages in the packing, with all the cords properly laid out

THE FINISHED PARACHUTES, ALL PACKED AND LABELLED, READY FOR DISPATCH

Hanging above the packer's head are the unfolded parachutes—canopy and cords—in the process of being dried. Whether a parachute has been used or not, at certain stated intervals it is unpacked, tested, and then re-packed, so that there is no possibility of defects developing unnoticed. Every length of silk, samples of the silk cord, and the leather from which the harness is made, are tested by special machines so that any faulty material can be detected and rejected

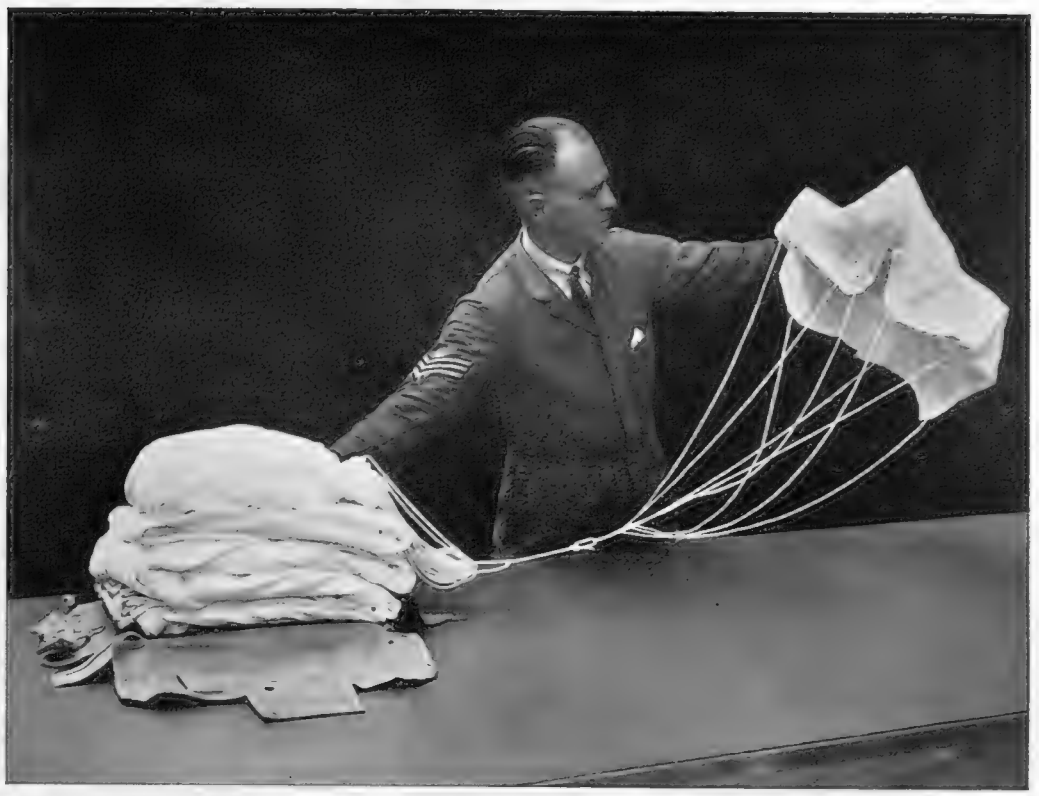
SPECIAL SPHERE SECTION

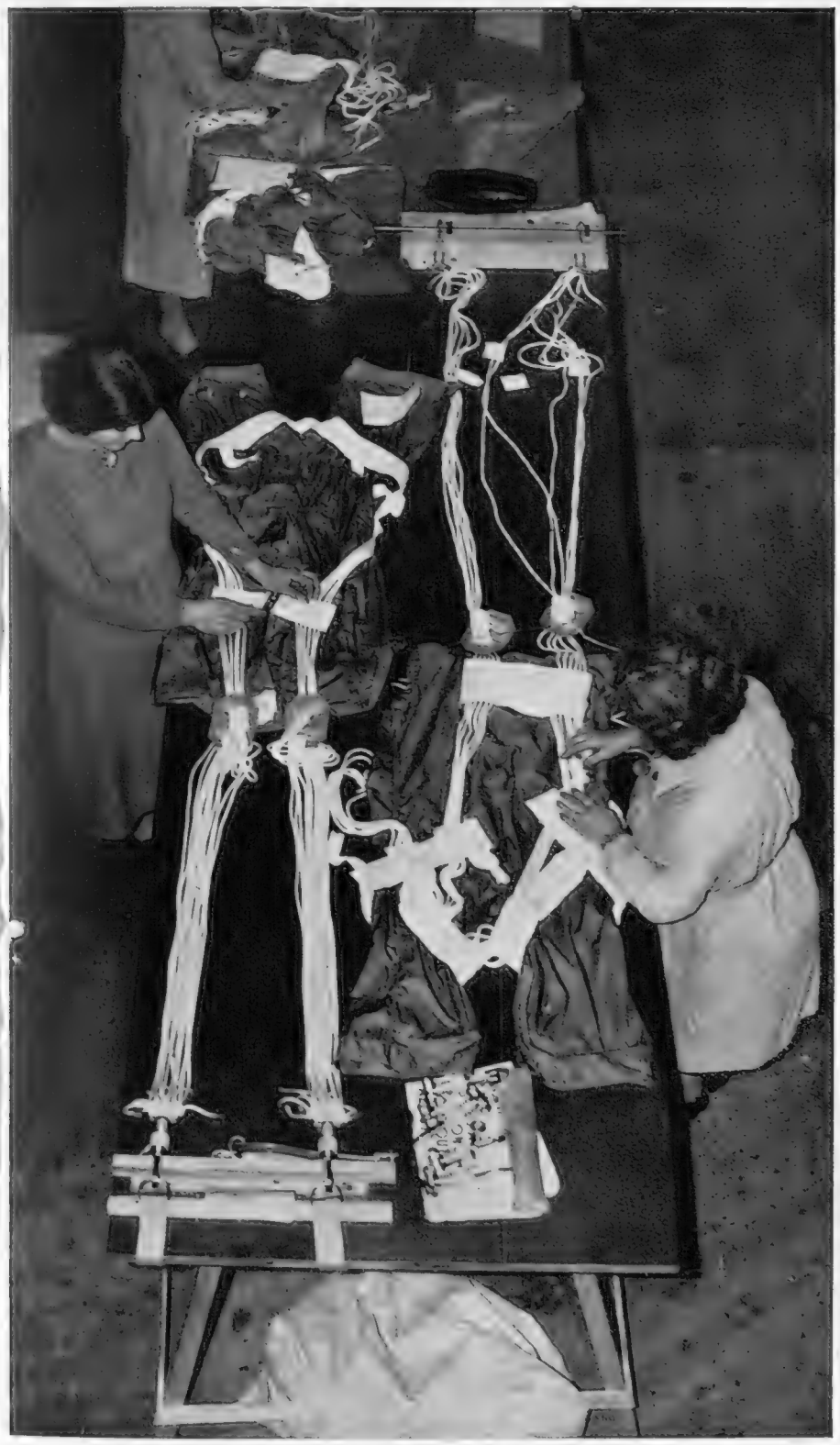
BALING OUT

The Packing of the Parachute

PARACHUTES BEING AIRED IN A SPECIAL CHAMBER

On the bench two experts are putting the finishing touches to the packs, and checking over the rip cords





CHECKING OVER THE PARACHUTE HARNESS

The various cords are here extended; and the picture shows the manner in which these are gathered up and secured by straps within the pack. With this maze of running gear, it will readily be appreciated how necessary it is that none of the cords should foul when running out in the air

THE PACKING OF THE VERY IMPORTANT PILOT PARACHUTE

After the main canopy has been folded, the small pilot chute has to be correctly folded, so that it emerges first when the rip cord is pulled. This, in turn, pulls out the big parachute proper

THE CHUTE UNDERGOES ITS FINAL TEST BEFORE BEING FOLDED AND PACKED

AN EXPERT FOLDS EACH SECTION OF THE PARACHUTE, PREPARATORY TO THE FINAL PACKING INTO THE CONTAINER

PARACHUTE PACKING IN ITS FINAL STAGE

The above three pictures were taken at a factory near London, where parachutes are made for the R.A.F. and for many countries abroad. No job in the R.A.F. calls for more exactness than the folding of a parachute. No time limit is placed on this work, as absolute accuracy is the first essential

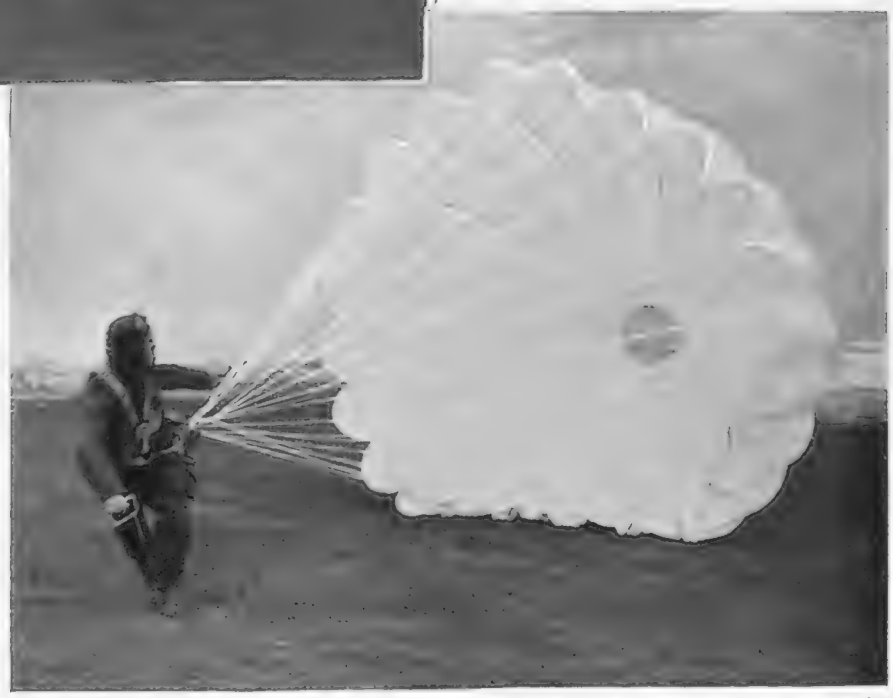
SPECIAL SPHERE SECTION

BALING OUT...

How the Parachutist Lands at the End of His Long Drop

HITTING THE GROUND AT THE END OF THE PARACHUTE DROP When near the ground the airman must let his body relax and fall all of a heap. If a strongish wind is blowing, the parachute will, of course, drag the man across the ground at quite a good rate

MR. LESLIE IRVIN, whose famous Irving parachutes were the first "free" parachutes to be standardised for use in the R.A.F.



ON THE GROUND — TRYING TO MAKE THE PARACHUTE COLLAPSE It will be noticed that the parachutist is still hanging on to the ripping bar: the cords are all taut and will remain so until the parachute actually collapses

Above—
AN IMPRESSIVE METHOD OF DEMONSTRATION
An instructor showing a pupil the correct method of handling a parachute immediately after landing. A picture taken at an Elementary Flying Training School

On right—
A DEMONSTRATION OF PARACHUTE LANDING BY RECRUITS OF THE R.A.F. VOLUNTEER RESERVE

The SAMARITANS of the BATTLEFIELD

The Wonderful Work of the Red Cross in War-time

By NOEL THOMPSON

IT is curious how we take things for granted. The Red Cross, for instance. In the past few weeks we have been seeing in shop windows and outside factories posters stating that they are contributors to the Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund.

Leaving aside for a moment the question of this particular fund, I am willing to wager that not one in ten of my readers can answer these four questions, of the popular "Do You Know?" type, correctly.

Who inspired the Red Cross service?

Who was the actual founder, and when?

Who was the first patron of the British Red Cross Society?

How much did they spend during the last war?

Rather than say "turn to page so and so for the answers," I will give you them at once in their order. Florence Nightingale; M. Henri Dunand, in 1859; Queen Victoria; £21,000,000. How many of you got them right?

We take things for granted. Yet our grandfathers lived in a day when the Red Cross was unknown. Prisoners were left to their captors' devices. Wounded were left to the wolves, to perish from cold, or to die on the battlefield unless they could find someone less severely wounded to drag them home. After the battle of Alma, in the Crimea, the *Times* war correspondent, Russell, wrote, "The commonest accessories of a hospital are wanting. The stench is appalling and from all I can observe, the men die without the least effort being made to save them."

Two weeks later the Government acted. Florence Nightingale and thirty-eight pioneers set sail for the Crimea. They found conditions unbelievable. Dead dogs outside the so-called hospital fouling every breath of air; rats gnawing at the limbs of helplessly wounded men; absolute shortage of medical equipment. Her reports set things moving. Meanwhile a Swiss banker had seen wounded lying three deep, and all he could do was to offer them a glass of water and a cigar, "whereupon they died peacefully." He was M. Henri Dunand, real founder of the Red Cross, who admitted that the whole of his inspiration came from an Englishwoman, "the work of Miss Florence Nightingale in the Crimea."

So much for the origin. An international convention at Geneva gave its blessing and a status. The National Society for the Aid of the Sick and Wounded in War, adopting the Red Cross flag and badge, went out from England to its work of mercy for the first time to the Franco-German War in 1870. Queen Victoria was the patron, aided by H.R.H. Princess Christian, and Miss Florence Nightingale. In 1905 the society became an empire organisation; in 1912 in the Balkan wars it provided hospitals, cholera camps, aid for refugees. As for the last war, I will deal with that fully in a moment. But since its foundation there has never been a scrap at which the International and the British Red Cross have not been present.

People frequently say, "Why doesn't the Government take over and finance the Red Cross? Surely that is their affair." There are at least half a dozen answers to this question which do not strike the average layman. First, the Red Cross is international and is protected by a Covenant. It is allowed to do works of mercy in war-time which no warring nation could allow an opposing Government to do.

Secondly, it is the most valuable auxiliary and supplementary body to the Royal Army Medical Corps which, on the outbreak of war, can never be developed sufficiently rapidly to meet the demands on its services. For instance, in the last war the B.E.F. arrived in France without a single motor ambulance. It was the Red Cross who sent the first batch across, converted motor cars given by members of the public, within a few weeks. It was the Red Cross who had doctors and nurses available for the R.A.M.C. to call on. Before the end of the war they had 2,171 ambulances registered and 1,275 other vehicles. Some 400 doctors had been employed, of whom 236 went abroad. It shows the value of preparedness that while 108 doctors were abroad for the Red Cross in 1914 there were only 15 in 1918—the balance had been taken for the R.A.M.C.

For this war, an official explained to me, everything is ready now. It is the first war in which the Red Cross has been completely adequate from the very beginning. Apart from France, where Lieut.-General Sir Sidney Clive is Chief Commissioner, and other possible war areas, there has been the vast organisation of Red Cross posts in this country as part of the air raid precautions. At every coastguard station and every port in the country there has been since the outbreak of war a fully equipped Red Cross post ready for all naval casualties.

HEAD OF THE V.A.D. MEMBERS Lady Oliver, who is responsible for the 60,000 members of the V.A.D., with her secretary, Miss Naylor Smith. Many of these V.A.D.s served during the last war and are at work again, wearing rows of medal ribbons

AT THE HEAD OFFICE Members of the clerical staff engaged in the work of sorting out labels at the general headquarters of the Society at Grosvenor Crescent

ANSWERING THE CALL OF MERCY Miss Mabel Green, famous as a star at Daly's and the Gaiety, is a Red Cross nurse and was also a V.A.D. during the last war

A third point is the question of finance. In time of war the public have always been generous and anxious to contribute to good causes. They like to know that their money is doing real good. Now were the Government to have had control, apart from the cost to the Exchequer, there must have been red tape, filling up of forms, requisitioning, and the supplying of just the bare necessaries. It is the job of the Red Cross to supply those human comforts, almost luxuries, which make all the difference; to add that touch of forethought that will make a man happy, and this they do superlatively well.

I have mentioned that the last war cost the British Red Cross, with which in war-time is joined the Order of St. John, in all £21,000,000, that is taking the figure up to the finish of their major duties in 1921. The actual four years of war cost £17,000,000. How did Britain (and the Empire, who were most generous givers) raise this money? Here are some of the figures.

Our day appeals once a year throughout the Empire raised £8,622,630. The British Farmers' Red Cross Fund raised £1,024,808. The Dennis-Bayley Fund, a contribution of a farthing a ton from collieries, plus miners' subscriptions, brought in a further £490,283. Collections in churches, £283,000; sales of jewels at Christie's, £322,636; the Meat and Allied Trades Fund, £208,693; the Pearl Fund, by which pearls were collected and matched into necklaces by experts and then sold, £94,044; the Wines and Spirits Association's sales, £54,347; the Gold and Silver Fund with a "shop" in Bond Street, £53,196. And so the figure of generous giving went on. The United Kingdom Flour Millers' Association presented two complete ambulance trains which were used in France right through the war.

That will give some idea of a generous public. And remember that at least half the personnel of the British Red Cross is unpaid, and in war-time there are plenty of volunteers.

I must at this point bring in Finland. Officially the British Red Cross, since we are not at war with Russia, cannot operate. But, in fact, private people who want to send ambulances, as many have, can see that they get value for money and really well organised equipment through the Red Cross. America sent over £30,000. By wise buying, and bulk purchase, the Red Cross increased this in value to £50,000.

In 1918 the purchases and issues per month of Red Cross material amounted each to between £500,000 and £600,000. At the H.Q. in France there was always an eight-weeks' reserve of material. Between March, 1917, and November, 1918, working parties made 1,250,000 garments. There were 3,244 auxiliary nursing homes to run; there were between fifty and sixty Red Cross motor launches; the first V.A.D. unit to France in October, 1914, worked from three railway wagons and two coaches. They fed 1,000 wounded men in twenty-four hours.

At the convalescent homes and camps 15,632 officers were helped. All this in addition to a hundred other jobs such as running a huge war library. In France alone over 7,500,000 wounded were carried. There were ten hospitals, eight convalescent homes for nursing personnel, five hostels, six railway rest stations, and numerous other centres at a cost of £2,000,000. And for this war already 1,000 country houses have been surveyed and an option taken for extra hospitals.

And now for the Penny-a-Week Fund, which should appeal to every firm in the country. It is a scheme never done before, to give every worker a chance to "Make Your Penny Save Your Pal." In the first fortnight 7,000 firms joined the scheme.

Where the workers agree, 1d. a week is deducted from their wages. The employers supply the collecting machinery, bank the money and show the Red Cross receipts on a notice board each week. Thousands more are still needed if the workers are to have their chance of doing their bit. Should the war last three years, £12,000,000 will be needed by the Red Cross. This Penny-a-Week Fund will supply £3,000,000, or a quarter, in coppers from the workers alone, a marvellous share. The miners are turning up trumps. The Lancashire and Cheshire miners are in it wholeheartedly, all 72,000 of them, turning in their pennies to the tune of £300 a week!

And this table I have worked out will show what a penny a week can do in the course of a year. The pennies will, in a firm with 6 workers, buy a steriliser drum; 10 workers, buy a stretcher; 20 workers, buy an anæsthetist's table; 40 workers, buy an operating table; 50 workers, buy a patient's trolley; 120 workers, buy an oxide oxygen anæsthetic apparatus; 550 workers, buy a battery of sterilisers; 800 workers, buy a portable X-ray apparatus; 1,000 workers, buy an ambulance; 1,100 workers, buy a complete emergency operating theatre; 1,800 workers, buy a completely equipped X-ray apparatus; 2,000 workers, buy a 4-stretcher 6-seater fully equipped motor ambulance.

That is what 7,000 firms are doing. Why not 70,000? Saving life at a cost of a box of matches per man each week!

NETS USED BY THE ARMY ON LAND

GIRLS WEAVING NETS FOR STRANGE PURPOSES

These girls weave nets of a very big mesh—but they are not for the herring or any other fishing fleet—they are for camouflage purposes

FINISHING OFF ONE OF THE STRANGE WIDE-MESHED NETS IN AN ENGLISH FACTORY

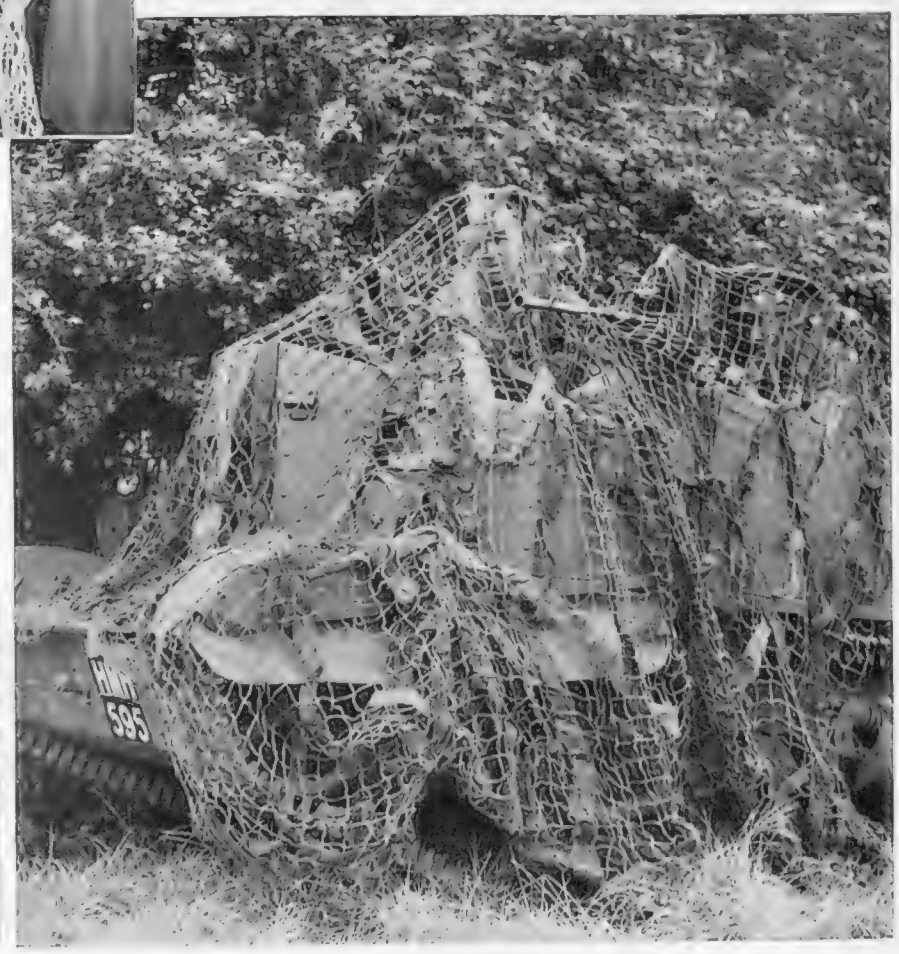
Some final knotting is being done before the nets are packed and dispatched to the military quarters which require them

A PEACEFUL SCENE BESIDE THE SOUTH COAST BUT NOT QUITE AS PEACEFUL AS IT LOOKS

The net-maker is engaged on one of the camouflage nets which the Army and not the fishing world requires

THE CAMOUFLAGE NETTING IS PUT TO USE IN CONCEALING THE LINES OF A BIG ARMY LORRY

The pictures given here reveal an unusual industry—that of net-making for the Army. Girls at various places weave these big-meshed nets. The latter will eventually be sent to districts where camouflaging is necessary and they will be further decorated with coloured tabs. They soften all metallic harshness to the likeness of a small tree or bush in winter time



ANOTHER BIG NET ENSHROUDS A BREN GUN ON ITS TRACTOR; BY THE HEDGESIDE ITS HARSH OUTLINES ARE OBSCURED

THE GREAT FIGHTERS OF THE FROZEN NORTH : *New Studies from Finland*

THE FINN IS URGED TO PADLOCK HIS LIPS AGAINST RASH TALK

Finland also has its posters out, warning soldiers and civilians against dangerous chatter. The young soldier carries a short bayonet and good ammunition supply

FINNISH FILM ARTIST AND CAMERA MAN RUN OVER SOME NEW ORDERS

On the left is Unna Laakso, formerly a Finnish film actor, and on right is Felix Forstman, official Finnish movie camera man. Both wear roomy white surplices

WITH FINNISH OFFICERS AND MEN AFTER THE DAY'S WORK

Above is a little camp scene in the far north. The big kettle is providing hot drinks for the party. *Below* a group of officers are reading letters from home

VETERANS ARE DOING THEIR BIT IN THE FIGHT FOR FINNISH FREEDOM

From the town of Oulu comes this hearty veteran. He is particularly well clad to resist the Arctic temperatures

Studying the Hairy Ainu

ONE OF THE BEARDED AINU CHIEFS ENGAGED IN THE WINE CEREMONY

The picture shows one of the Ainu chiefs, majestic in his barbarous splendour, with the symbol of the deity, a many-spiked club, on left

WHEN AN AINU DRINKS WINE HE PUTS ON HIS MOST SUMPTUOUS ROBES —MOST OF THEM ARE GREAT WINE DRINKERS

The customs of the hairy Ainus are being studied by an English scientist. Professor Manroe lives in the Ainu village of Nibutani, on Hokkaido He is married to a Japanese. Some thirty years ago he settled down among the Ainus and is now considered the greatest living expert on this strange, nearly extinct race

NIBUTANI, THE OLDEST AINU VILLAGE, SEEN FROM THE HILLS

The Ainus themselves call it "kotan" which in their language means simply "village." The more elaborate houses belong to the Japanese —merchants, teachers, government officials

AN OLD AINU WOMAN WITH HER TATTOOED LIPS

This fifty-six-year-old Ainu woman is considered beautiful by the natives—mainly on account of her tattooing, which is in blue and red and covers her whole body

AN AINU HUT WITH ITS TERRACED ROOF

The Ainus live in wooden huts. Note the special, terrace-like way the hut is roofed; it is characteristic of Ainu architecture. What the Ainus are ethnologically is still an unsolved problem. They certainly are not Mongolians. Their language is without apparent resemblance to any other living or dead language although it is now, of course, greatly influenced by Japanese

THE PARENTAGE OF THOMAS CREEVEY

Last Words On a Minor Literary Mystery

THOMAS CREEVEY: Pepysian gossip who flourished during the Napoleonic wars, the mystery of whose origin is set out in the accompanying article

PROBABLY all who have to do with biography will acknowledge the fact that the *truth* too often comes to light *after* and not *at* the publication of a definitive biography, even of one which is the result of years of patient research. The truth will out . . . but reluctantly. One cannot obtain a warrant to search the attics of every country house and the hidden places of men's memories, and so it is that vital facts often come to light immediately after interest is aroused by the publication of a biography.

The puzzle of the origins of Thomas Creevey (which are of no great importance) was the despair and hobby of several years of my life, and the ups and downs of my efforts to get at the truth are perhaps of sufficient interest to set down. This is probably the last substantial note on Creevey which I shall write and I am anxious to leave the record as tidy and as full and accurate as may be. It is my hope that a few readers who possess a copy of *The Creevey Papers* or *Creevey's Life and Times* will cut out this note and paste it in.

In 1766 and 1767 a Captain William Creevey was a householder in School Lane, Liverpool, near the Blue Coat School. He was well known as a mariner locally and as captain of slave-carrying vessels trading out of Liverpool to the African coast, and indeed he twice suffered imprisonment at the hands of the French. His parents were also Liverpool residents, Thomas and Mary Creevey, and he had a younger brother, Hans, and two sisters, Margaret and Eleanor, the latter respectably married to a Liverpool man, John Eaton.

Captain William was not highly educated, and had not amassed a fortune by his profession. In 1764 he married Phœbe Prescott, and made his will which, in phonetic spelling, but otherwise clearly, assured to her, subject to conditions, the sum of £400, and the use of his effects in the event of his death.

Between 1765 and 1768 two children were born to Mrs. Phœbe Creevey, a daughter whose Christian name began with a J, and a son, Thomas, born on March 13, 1768. This Thomas is the author of *The Creevey Papers*. Not many months after the boy's birth William Creevey died, for his will was proved at Chester Consistory Court on November 28, 1769. Further information reveals that Phœbe Creevey married again and did not die till 1812.

There is no mystery here on the face. All seems plain sailing. But doubt had been thrown on Creevey's parentage in 1903, just after the publication of *The Creevey Papers*, when public interest in Creevey had re-awakened. Sir Herbert Maxwell, the editor, wrote the following letter in *Notes and Queries* (vol. 151, p. 330):

> "When I was editing *The Creevey Papers* (John Murray, 1903), it often occurred to me as strange that Thomas Creevey, a person of somewhat obscure birth, should have been admitted on such familiar terms to the Whig circle—the most exclusive of all political parties. It was not until these volumes had been published that the puzzle was explained to me in 1903 by the 16th Earl of Derby (1841-1908), who told me in 1903 that Creevey was a natural son of the 1st Earl of Sefton (1748-1795), and that his mother was conveniently married to William Creevey, a merchant in Liverpool. Creevey, therefore, was a half-brother of the 2nd Earl of Sefton (1772-1838), his junior by four years, though they both died in the same year. Lord Sefton's friendship provided Creevey with an easy passport into Whig society. The statement about his birth and parentage on pages V, VI and VII of the Papers (vol. I) stands to be altered accordingly."

Thirty years later, when I was editing Creevey's writings once more, Sir Herbert repeated the gist of this letter to me,

CREEVEY'S REPUTED FATHER, Charles William, 1st Earl of Sefton. There are marked facial resemblances in this portrait and that of Creevey's *above*

though his memory had failed him in one particular, for he wrote to me that he had had the information from a member of the Molyneux family. In communicating this fact to me he had forgotten or perhaps had never seen the facts given to *Notes and Queries* by Mr. R. Stewart-Brown. I was unaware of the letters in *Notes and Queries*, but acting on the hint given me by Sir Herbert, I searched *The Creevey Papers* for proofs of the legend concerning Creevey's parentage.

Weight had clearly to be accorded to local tradition supplied by so high an authority as the 16th Earl of Derby (who was born only three years after Creevey's death), and supporting proofs came to hand. Firstly, facial resemblance between the portraits of Creevey and of his reputed father, which stand as the frontispiece and opposite page 4, respectively, of *Creevey's Life and Times*. Experts in physiognomy have assured me that there are significant features of resemblance in the two portraits.

More important, I discovered passages in Creevey's letters to Miss Ord, in which in various terms he acknowledges the Molyneux as his *own* or his *real* family, and the 2nd Earl of Sefton as his "brother," statements which are difficult (though not impossible) to explain except on that assumption.

I therefore inclined to the view (and expressed it) that Creevey was the issue of an illicit amour between the 1st Earl of Sefton and a girl of humble origin, for whom before the child's birth a marriage of convenience was arranged with an unknown "sea captain or merchant," William Creevey, who therefore fathered the illicit child. Such indeed was the tradition within Lord Derby's memory. Putting the liaison as having taken place in 1767, young Charles William, son of the Hon. Thomas Molyneux, who had succeeded his uncle as 8th Viscount Molyneux at the age of eleven, would at that time have been just short of nineteen years old.

It was not until 1938 that the information which Mr. Stewart-Brown had given to *Notes and Queries* in 1926 was brought to my notice. Here was considerable fresh light on the identities both of Creevey's mother and of William Creevey, and the evidence of dates, which controverted the theory of a pre-marriage liaison between Molyneux and Creevey's mother.

John Gore's *Liverpool Directories* of 1766 and 1767 show Captain William Creevey as a householder in School Lane, Liverpool (near the site of the Blue Coat School), during those years. It was now clear that he had been married to Creevey's mother at least as early as 1764 and that he died a few months after Creevey's birth, probably in the early part of 1769. The fair and reasonable course would be to reject the theory dishonourable to Mrs. Creevey and to accept out of hand the slaver captain as Creevey's father. But the supporting evidence of a more romantic origin remains strong, and, if it be accepted, Creevey's origin must be traced to a liaison *after* the marriage and perhaps during one of the captain's enforced absences in gaol or beyond the seas. The tradition is not greatly weakened by that assumption, but he would be a bold man who would uphold it beyond peradventure.

One more argument indeed for the Molyneux or Stanley tradition could be reasonably added to the chain of circumstantial evidence—the poverty of Mrs. Creevey. Without assistance from an outside source, she could hardly have paid for the education of young Thomas so far above his station. Her own relations were all in the humblest possible circumstances; and the Creeveys (other than Mrs. John Eaton) vanish from the scene of Thomas's youth.

One other child, as stated, was born to the William Creeveys—a daughter. I believe her name was Jane; somewhere in that vast mass of papers it caught my eye, but I could never recapture the passage. Her initial was "J" for so she signs the only letter of hers which survived. She never married, was a model of convention, very careful and precise, treated her half-brother as a naughty boy to the day of her death, and lived out her life in a round of "drums" and tea-parties in a small house in Liverpool.

MRS. CREEVEY: A wealthy widow whom Thomas Creevey married and whom he survived

The responsibility for the boy's education and upbringing devolved on his mother, on John Eaton, and on an invaluable adviser and family friend, Dr. James Currie, a specialist with theories in advance of his day and a liberal-minded, much travelled man. Creevey himself very early "joined the board." He soon grew dissatisfied with the educational facilities which offered in his own corner of Liverpool and begged his mother to send him to a school in London in order that he might "see the world on a larger scale."

Perhaps he had an inkling that he was meant for better things than his neighbour contemporaries. Be that as it may, at the age of twelve or thirteen, he was sent to Newcome's School at Hackney. There is a certain romance in even the most trivial and unimportant literary researches or "arm-chair hunts," and the history of Newcome's School and of Creevey's association with it has its little share of it. I will refer to it in my next article.

To complete the record, I append the authorities for the information set out above: John Gore's *Liverpool Directory*, 1766 and 1767, show William Creevey as a householder in School Lane, Liverpool; Gomer Williams' *Liverpool Privateers and Slave Trade*, 1897, for references to William Creevey's career; *Notes and Queries*, Volume 151, page 370, R. Stewart-Brown; information supplied by Miss B. Jones, Mr. E. L. Garrett, Miss W. Garrett, Miss Phyllis Moore and Mr. Neale Lindop, of Liverpool, on the proving of William Creevey's will; in *The Gentleman's Magazine* of 1812, page 393, the following passage occurs: "Death recorded February 29, 1812, aged seventy-four, Mrs. Lowe, of Liverpool, mother of T. Creevey, Esq., M.P. for Thetford." (Communicated to *Notes and Queries* by A. L. Read (December 11, 1926, page 426).)

J. G.

"BYGONE RICHMOND" EXHIBITION

THE GEORGIAN ROOM Showing a child's quaint exercising chair on the right of the fireplace and a unique set of dessert dishes painted with caricature portraits of George III's family. The exhibition was held in Streatham Lodge, Sheen Road, Richmond

MEMORIES OF QUEEN ANNE In this room, which was arranged by Oliver Hill, F.R.I.B.A., can be seen a miniature chair which was used by Queen Anne as a child and a Queen Anne doll dating from 1711

At Streatham Lodge, Sheen Road, Richmond, a loan exhibition has just been held in aid of the Finnish Relief Fund. Opened by the Finnish Minister, this exhibition illustrated the story of the town as it was in the days of Queen Anne and in the time of the Georges. A most interesting feature was the series of Period Rooms arranged as living rooms of their time, also the unique collection of pictures and paintings of old Richmond, catalogued and arranged in a room of their own

OLD STONES ON A NEW SITE At Twickenham, beside the new Chertsey road, an old building rises, newly built. Stone by stone, the tower of All Hallows Church, once familiar in the City, is being rebuilt nearly a dozen miles out. Mellowed by time and streaked with the City's grime, the tower forms a strange contrast with the newly constructed concrete road which it now flanks

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

EXPERIENCES AND MEMOIRS

In the Provinces and in an American Village

IT cannot be said of Miss E. M. Delafield's provincial lady that she rises to occasions, but she has at least an inspired way of muddling through them. The latest chronicle of her adventures, **THE PROVINCIAL LADY IN WAR-TIME** (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.), is as amusing as ever, and has the same ruefully acknowledged kinship to one's own domestic Waterloos.

The provincial lady being what she is, a charming, intelligent, and diffident creature with a strong sense of responsibility, whether to her family or the State, finds herself at the beginning of September, 1939, with no more urgent war work than the care of two well-behaved little evacuees and a series of verbal and written assurances from all the authorities that they have made a note of her application for service in some useful post, but can give her no more encouragement at the moment than the exhortation to stand by.

This excellent, but rather static advice fails to convince the provincial lady, who proceeds to London from Devonshire, and sets about the authorities at closer range. By the last page of the book her pertinacity has brought her an appointment—apparently to some branch of the Ministry of Information—and the imminence of serious work brings her diary to a close. But by that time we have had many glimpses, only too convincing in most cases, of the chaotic waging of officialdom's war (with special attention to woman's part in it); we have had the privilege of meeting Mrs. "Pussy" Winter-Gammon at the A.R.P. canteen, and have lunched with a doleful, bearded gentleman in the Civil Service whose preternatural discretion extends to his wife.

This lady, in answer to a harmless and indeed only too familiar question, replies that "it is difficult to see how the war can be a very short one, and yet it seems unlikely to be a very long one." "I inquire," adds the provincial lady, "whether she thinks it is going to be a middling one, and then feel that I have spoken flippantly and that both disapprove of me."

But perhaps the happiest of Miss Delafield's new creations is that scourge of the canteen, the aged but indomitably bright Mrs. Winter-Gammon, whose nonstop reminiscences have a petrifying effect on her listeners, which Lot's wife might have envied.

"When she was living with her dear Edgar," for instance, "in his East End parish, many years ago, she invariably asked him to let her teach the boys. 'Edgar,' she used to say, 'let me have the boys. Not the girls. The boys. Just the boys.' And Edgar used to reply: 'These boys are the roughest of the rough. They are beyond a gentlewoman's control.' But Mrs. W.-G. would simply repeat: 'Give me the boys, Edgar.'"

As you might have expected, this venerable lady had a phenomenal success with the boys. "She herself . . . thinks that it was because she was such 'A Tiny'—it made them feel protective. 'Little Mother Sunshine' they sometimes called her . . ." What the reader is calling her by this time is equally allusive.

This book is one of the many answers which talent and good humour have achieved to the black-out, and if fiction has a place on your reading list, this is a "must."

In an American village which had been christened successively Woodpecker, Vienna, and finally Phelps, a young lawyer hung out his sign one day in the '80's. He lived to practise for fifty years and to hand on the torch to his son who, in **COUNTRY LAWYER** (Harrap. 10s.), has given us an affectionate and remarkably entertaining portrait of him, and of his times.

A country lawyer in America, Mr. Bellamy Partridge explains, must be solicitor, barrister, adviser, family friend and general arbitrator. All these roles his father seems to have fulfilled with wisdom and humour and the stories of his half-century of work and friendship in the little community make delightful reading.

"'If folks were in a *little* trouble,' an old man once said to the writer, 'they would get down on their knees and talk it over with God; but if they were in a *lot* of trouble they'd go straight to your father.'"

In one case his client was a horseman named Ichabod Lord, and during the hearing of his case in the local courthouse, a fire alarm was heard and the courtroom slowly emptied. No official fire brigade existed, but there were in the little township two excellent teams of horses whose owners were apt to race each other to the scene of any fire in the district.

The appeal of this was too much for the local constable and even for the judge who followed the crowd out of the courtroom, declaring a recess over his shoulder as he went. "Get your hat," said Ichabod at this point, "We may not see much of a fire, but we ought to see a pretty good horse-race."

On another occasion, after a dangerously long drought, a collective prayer for rain was organised. The prayer was apparently effective for "a thunderstorm of cyclonic proportions swept through the township, drenching the parched countryside with nearly two inches of rain—and igniting with a bolt of lightning the largest key barn of Mr. Phineas Dodd, which burned to the ground with its contents, a total loss."

Hardly had the storm passed, however, when Mr. Dodd handed the new minister, who had been the moving spirit in the prayer organisation, a bill for 5,000 dollars damages, and with that noteworthy gesture started litigation which was to continue for many days.

These memoirs are homely, amusing and full of that sound sense which is part of a real countryman's inheritance, be he American or English.

Mr. Paul McGuire has written one of the very best of recent mystery stories in **THE SPANISH STEPS** (Heinemann. 8s. 3d.) and has thereby stepped into the same class, if not into the same rank of that class, as Simenon, the current French master of detective fiction.

Mr. McGuire's hero is the Rome correspondent of an English newspaper, and is finding a necessary degree of peace in his appointment to Rome after the physical and emotional experiences of the Spanish civil war. However, the peace, this story being what it is, is short-lived and a casual evening encounter on the Spanish Steps leads him to a country house party in the Alban Hills, and to a series of murders, thefts and impersonations not usually associated with a quiet week-end.

The war in Spain has echoes there, and Paris and La Napoule and Constantinople provide their quota of odd influences. There is a Texan bull-fighter and an adventurous old Englishwoman and a lizard-like financier. There are Bentleys and bottomless pools and moonlit terraces. And there is an admirable conviction on the part of the author, that the more humour there is in a thriller, the more effectively surprising its thrills will be.

Miss Jacqueline Vincent's novel belongs to that school of realism, a little more tolerable than the monosyllabic kind, in which details of physical and emotional states are examined and accepted, not dispassionately but with a studious lack of emphasis. One overwhelming emotional experience is the *raison d'être* of the book and the author makes no attempt to diverge, even for a few lines, from this theme.

The result may be exhilarating, depressing, or only exhausting, but in any case the reader will find something sincere and not negligible in such concentration. **AND THIS OUR LIFE** (Geoffrey Bles. 8s. 3d.) is such a story. During the last war a woman, living in German-occupied territory in the north of France, adopts a little boy, apparently a war orphan. Her own husband is fighting, she has no other children, and all the love of which her nature is capable is poured out on the baby.

She accepts the gibes of her neighbours and the almost maniacal treatment of her husband when the armistice brings him home, with stoicism. Nothing is allowed to matter but the happiness of the growing boy and his successful education. She endures a life which would break the health of most women and then, while still in his early schooldays, the child dies and the woman is left to face a future alone with her weak, sadistic husband.

COCHRAN and GARBO RETURN

To Lighten the Hours of Darkness in London's West End

COCHRAN'S REVUE AT THE SAVOY THEATRE

Evelyn Laye as Prince Charming in the "Christmas Pantomime" number. Her singing is as charming as her role

THE GREAT CARLO AND HIS ASSISTANT

An uproariously funny sketch with Clifford Mollison and Evelyn Laye in which they demonstrate (or otherwise) the "Art of Legerdemain"

THE KEYNOTE IS VERSATILITY

Very few would recognise either Evelyn Laye or Clifford Mollison in this comic scene which depicts the blessing of electricity in the humble home

A NEW AND GAYER GARBO

In the film *Ninotchka*, now showing at the Empire, Leicester Square, Greta Garbo is seen in a new guise and reveals that she possesses among her acting abilities a remarkable sense of comedy. Playing opposite her is Melvyn Douglas

GARBO DEALING WITH SOVIET AGENTS

Played by Sig Rumann, Felix Bressart, and Alexander Granach. This deliciously comic trio are endeavouring to sell a large quantity of jewellery and are not averse to tasting the pleasures of a capitalist state

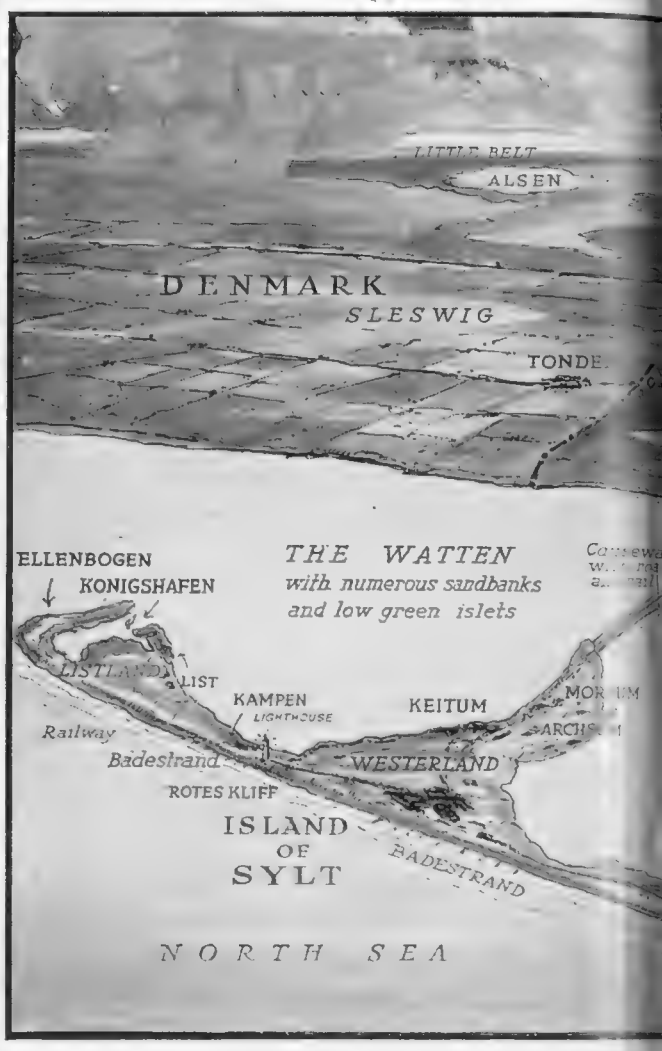
SYLT, the STRANGE

THE island of Sylt has been much in the news of late weeks. Reconnaissance visits, during which detailed photographs have been taken of the new works and fortified areas, have been followed by more militant efforts.

Laconic messages state—"During last night aircraft of the Royal Air Force were again engaged on patrol over enemy seaplane bases and bombs were dropped near the island of Sylt." Another, rather fuller in detail, says, "A patrol is carried out in the vicinity of the islands of Borkum, Norderney and Sylt, all of which have seaplane bases. Enemy seaplanes are, or rather were, accustomed to leave these bases just before dark, and every day our aircraft are there awaiting

OVERHEAD VIEW OF SYLT, TAKEN BY R.A.F. RECONNAISSANCE PLANES

This aerial photograph shows how extensively the island has been fortified in recent times. The whole long strip of this sand dune island appears to be occupied by military works of varied nature. Rantum Bay, mentioned in R.A.F. communications, is indicated on the bird's-eye view to right



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE FORTIFIED ISLAND OF SYLT, SHOWING THE SHALLOW INNER SEAS AND THE ADJACENT ARCHIPELAGO

The island has changed in character very much during recent years. Once it was a sea-bathing resort, with thousands of German visitors who put up at big hotels rising in tiers between the dunes in front of Westerland. The actual bathing places stretch to the north and to the south. There is a lighthouse at each end of the thirty-mile sea frontage; in between any number of military and aviation works have been carried out, as is evidenced by the aerial photograph printed on this page. The railway on the dam connects with Rendsburg.

A TYPICAL FARMHOUSE ON THE FORTIFIED ISLAND OF SYLT

This thatched roof farmhouse, mirror of olden days, looks peaceful enough, but it may not be as innocent of war as it appears. Danish rumour has it that some of these buildings hide gun emplacements

FROM THE REGION OF THE "RIDDLE OF THE SANDS"—AN OVERHEAD VIEW OF SPIEKEROOG SHOWING CLOUD SHADOWS

Spiekeroog is one of the North Friesian islands which figured so dramatically in the "Riddle of the Sands," the story which had so great a popularity just before 1914

LINKING SYLT WITH THE MAINLAND—THE HINDENBURG DAM

Five miles long, the Hindenburg Causeway links Sylt with the Schleswig-Holstein mainland. There is a motor road on each side of the railway which links up with the island system

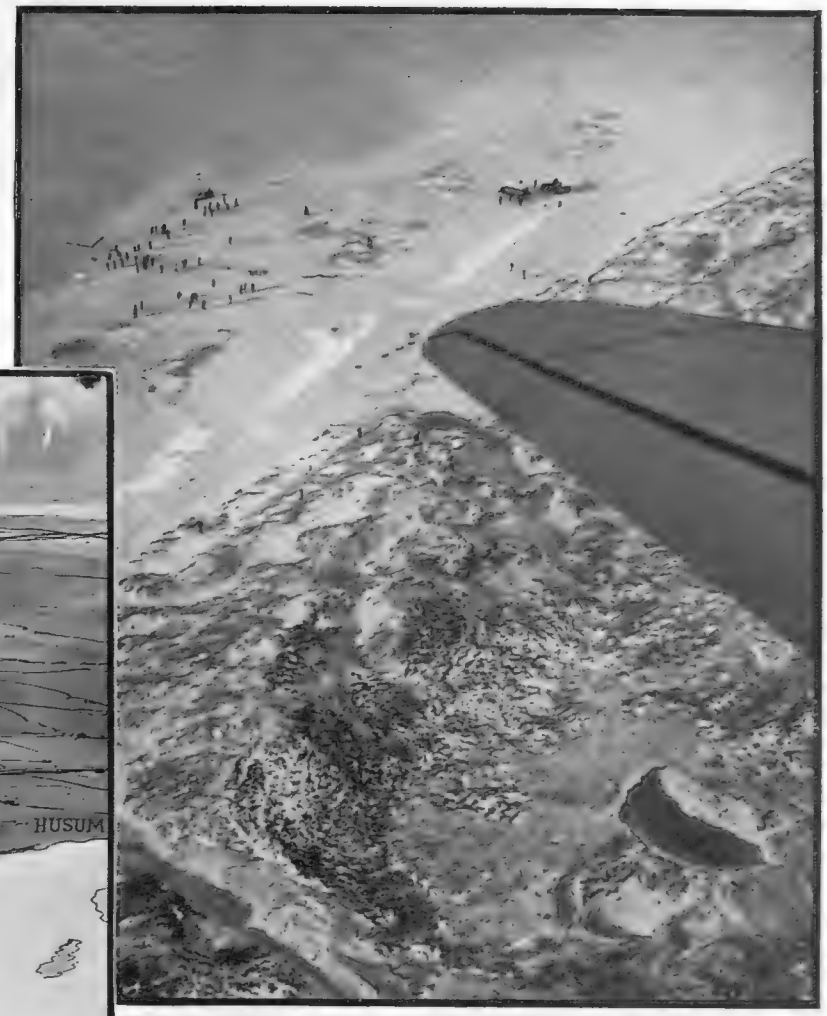
ISLAND OF THE NORTH SEA : Germany's Seaplane Base and Adjacent Fortified Islands

them. Relays of British bombers, each of which does five or six hours' flying, keep up the watch, sometimes combined with other work, and there can be no doubt that these patrols are effective."

A yet later account runs as follows: "During the routine patrols over the German seaplane bases in the Heligoland Bight, one of our bombers observed a row of lights in Rantum Bay. These were no doubt a flare path to guide German mine-laying aircraft. Six bombs were dropped and the lights were immediately extinguished. The bay lies on the coast of the island of Sylt and is known to be a useful base for enemy seaplanes. German ground defences opened fire and many searchlights worked in co-operation with the guns. One of our bombers was momentarily held by a cluster of searchlights over Sylt, but all our aircraft returned safely." The activities of the island are thus being constantly watched and worried.

Drawn by Percy Home

The Watten, or inland sea, is pierced by numerous channels between sand-banks and dotted with low islets just rising above high tide level. The long arm of the island is linked by a local railway system and now one can gain the mainland, unless damage by bombing interferes, by the railway on the dam



A TYPICAL SANDY BATHING BEACH ON THE STRING OF ISLANDS

The sandy beaches facing the North Sea have for many years been popular with German sea-bathing visitors. Large numbers of island hotels have sprung up

A TYPICAL LITTLE HARBOUR OF THE OLD TYPE BEFORE THE COMING OF THE GERMAN TOURIST

The little towns on the string of islands still possess an antique charm. They are compact groups of buildings in the medieval fashion. This view shows Wyk harbour on Föhr Island

A LONG STRING OF ISLANDS MARK THE EDGE OF THE FORMER LAND BEFORE THE GREAT BREAKING IN OF THE SEA

The extraordinary appearance of Sylt is explained by its position in a long chain of islands extending from the Danish Jutland coast down to Dutch Friesland, the old Continental coast

THE FORTIFICATIONS ON LANGEGOOG, ONE OF THE STRING OF GERMAN NORTH FRIESIAN ISLANDS

This island, the position of which is shown on the adjacent map, has been fortified and made into an air-base in much the same way as Sylt. This aerial photograph was secured by a British plane during an R.A.F. flight

THE DISAPPEARING WHITE LINE

Driving Difficulties in the Black-out

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E. (Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

NIGHT driving was never too pleasant during war-time, but recently in my part of the world it has definitely become more difficult. When the black-out was first instituted the road authorities most commendably painted a white line down the centre of the road but I do not now find it very easy to pick up this guiding line. Although the winter weather must obviously have had some effect on its visibility I rather suspect that the cost of maintenance is so terrific that paint pots have not been brought on the job as frequently as they should. The other day it was reported that one of the London boroughs would be spending £60,000 a year in painting white lines on roads.

There is no getting away from the fact that the present methods are wasteful and before long new ways of marking the middle of the road will have to be found or else the whole idea must be abandoned. Up-to-date machinery would definitely reduce costs and yet another way would be to leave out every second "dot" which would have the effect of reducing the cost by practically 50 per cent. I do not think that the resulting line could be any more difficult to pick up during the black-out.

White, and sometimes yellow, tiles or bricks have been inserted in the road surface, but apart from the very heavy initial cost the marking thus obtained is definitely less efficient. On the Kingston by-pass this method was tried out but the authorities have evidently found it necessary to use paint on top of the permanent inserts. In some parts of the country inserts have been used which are fitted with small reflector eyes such as are employed frequently to mark a pedestrian crossing.

I think these are definitely good, at any rate from the motorist's point of view, though when they are used on a pedestrian crossing they are quite frightening, for without warning, as the beams from one's headlamp pick up the eyes, it looks as if one were driving into an army of cats. When placed down the centre of the road this element of surprise is non-existent.

Recently a magistrate in one of our southern counties uttered some quite uncalled-for remarks regarding a motorist who was using his car for the purpose of giving a lady friend a ride. He hoped that the petroleum authorities would learn that in this particular case some of the petrol ration supplied to this motorist was being used for an entirely wrong and unpatriotic purpose. These dear old "dugouts" who frequently sit on Benches appear to love to ventilate their views, and, as in this case, their opinions are not only useless but definitely misleading.

The owner of every car who has paid the necessary licence fee and insurance is entitled to obtain sufficient petrol to take him approximately 200 miles per month. It is generally understood that this allowance is for the purpose of recreation, and if the car is used for such purpose the owner is not being in any way unpatriotic. Even in war-time people must have some leisure moments, and this is evidently the view of the Government, otherwise leave would not be granted to the men in the Services, nor would munition workers be granted days off at Christmas, Easter and other times. It cannot be made too clear that motorists are definitely permitted to use their cars over a distance of approximately 200 miles per month for any purpose which suits them.

AUTOMATIC LINE-MARKER: Members of the Westminster City Council and the Ministry of Transport watch a demonstration of the new Rytecraft safety line road marker at work

The competition world of motoring, after losing one of its most prominent personalities by the death of the late Mr. A. V. Ebblewhite, has now suffered two more blows in the passing away of Mr. S. F. Edge and Colonel F. Lindsay Lloyd.

The majority of modern drivers may not have heard much about either of these pioneers, but those who motored in the real early days and those who took a keen interest in motoring sport know of the important work carried out by Mr. Edge and Colonel Lindsay Lloyd.

The most important race in the early days was that known as the Gordon-Bennett. It was definitely of an international character, far more so than any of the events held since the beginning of the last war. Several nations used to compete annually, and a maximum of three cars could be entered by a country, and it was the country who won or lost rather than the individual driver. Mr. Edge was the winner of one of these annual events, and his success entitled this country to hold the race in the following year. The resulting Gordon-Bennett was run in Ireland. In 1907, almost before the concrete of Brooklands track was hard, Mr. Edge successfully broke the 24-hours record, thereby averaging over 60 m.p.h. for a day and a night. In the early days of Brooklands he was a keen and successful competitor, challenging all and sundry to beat him on his 6-cylinder Napier car.

Colonel Lindsay Lloyd was the second Clerk of the Course at Brooklands and took up his duties in 1909. With the exception of the period of the last war he occupied this position until 1929 when he retired and I myself took over. His knowledge of the track was immense and the amount of work which he managed to get through was greater than most people realise. To-day all motor racing and competitions in general are run under the sporting code of the International Association of Recognised Motor Clubs and the general competition rules of the Royal Automobile Club. These regulations were based on those drawn up principally by Colonel Lloyd for the running of events at Brooklands in the early days.

For the last ten years he has been a steward at most of the important race meetings held in this country and no one knew the rules better or interpreted them more fairly than he. Competitors now and again have to be reprimanded but Colonel Lloyd never treated transgressors as if they were schoolboys and so although he himself never raced his decisions were universally accepted.

The THEATRE

By PHILIP PAGE

TO Mr. C. B. Cochran thanks are due for many reasons in the matter of his revue at the Savoy, *Lights Up!*, among them being that it is not the type of entertainment liable to be described conventionally as "the stuff to give the troops." Not that the troops do not deserve to be given everything that is good—and this ranges from good to excellent. But certain managers and producers, less wise than Mr. Cochran, have shown that they regard the troops as, on the whole, rather libidinous nit-wits and have catered for them accordingly. So that when I see the above phrase used in connection with any form of theatrical production I am usually right in assuming that the fare will consist of attempts at nudity and attempts at slap-stick comedy, neither of them successful.

Mr. Cochran does not make the mistake of under-estimating the intelligence of his audience, whether in uniform or no, and with rare intuition he strikes the happy mean between the intelligentsia and the "ignorantsia." His revue contains in some of its sketches the subtle fun to be found in the "intimate" revues, without the touch of Bloomsbury-cum-Chelsea artistic *snobisme* which occasionally mars them. At the same time the eye is pleased by a feast of colour without being dazzled or oppressed by vulgar display.

The heroine in every sense is Miss Evelyn Laye, who in addition to good looks, sweet singing, and more than her fair share of charm—familiar assets—displays here a sense of burlesque which is new at any rate to me. She reserved her best exhibition of this to nearly the end of the evening, when, with Mr. Clifford Mollison, she actually did a "cod" conjuring turn, with a touch of real conjuring about it, too. Her appearance as Cora Pearl was another triumph, though Miss Pearl never sang the type of song Miss Laye sang, and in her one appearance on the stage (in Paris) got the bird, good and hard.

Who was Cora Pearl? She was not, as one colleague has informed the world, a music-hall star of the 'nineties. She died long before that period—in 1882—and was at her zenith in the 'sixties, when she was probably Europe's most famous—well, it rhymes with Jane Shore. She was the daughter of an English musician named Crouch; he wrote *Kathleen Mavourneen*, which most of us have heard, and an opera, *The Fifth of November*, which I would bet none of us have heard. Her extravagance was supplied by millionaire adorers and her cupidity and heartlessness were notorious. By her photograph she seems to have been on the plain side. But there must have been something remarkable about her. Perhaps it was what Hollywood calls "oomph."

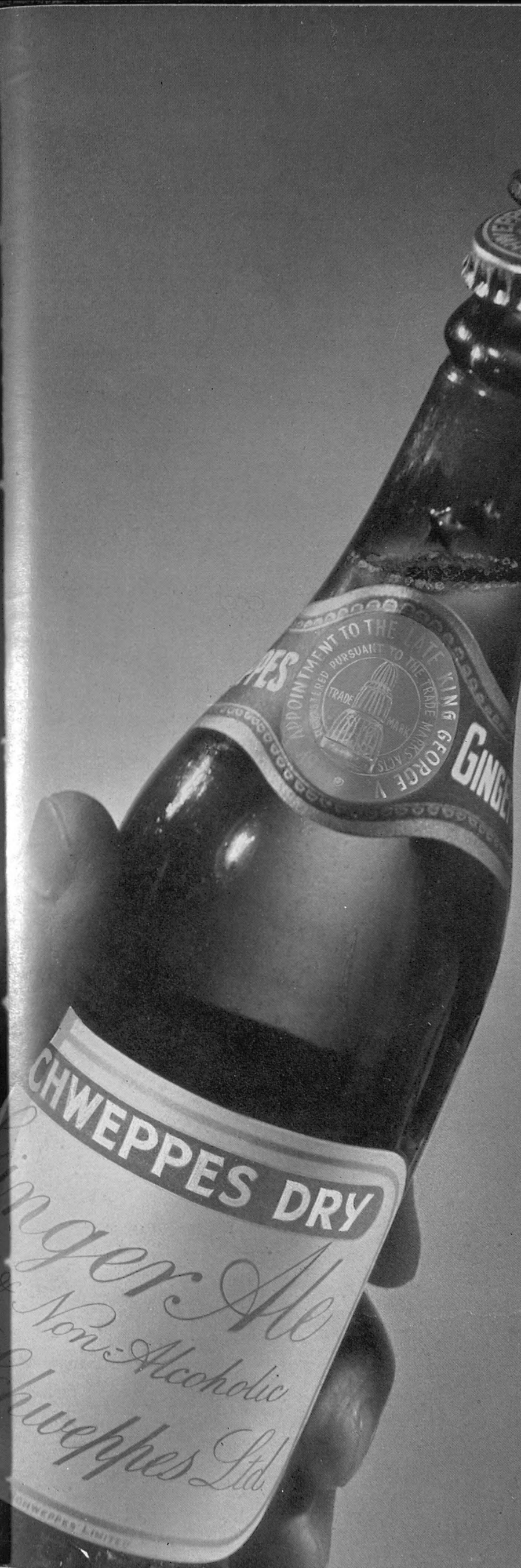
However, to get back to Mr. Cochran. He has combined ancient and modern in a highly original way by inserting what is, apparently, a strip-tease act in old Versailles. Miss Phyllis Stanley did the stripping and the teasing to the accompaniment of *ersatz* Mozart, and lots of other clever and charming things in other parts of the show. Mr. Mollison has a good chance in a motoring sketch—alas, a few days after I had seen it poor Harry Tate passed away!—and he cleverly made the most of it.

Mr. Martyn Green has come along from the Gilbert and Sullivan people to show how versatile he can be in a very different *metier*, and a new and abundantly funny comedian is Mr. James Hayter. As for Mr. Cochran's lovely "young ladies," they may or may not be ladies, but they are indisputably young. And the young ladies' costumes, in one scene in particular, should appeal to most old gentlemen.

"ALL CLEAR": A picture taken at the revue at the Queen's, in which Beatrice Lillie makes a great success with Bobbie Howes, Fred Emney, Adele Dixon, and Jean Gillie. Bobbie Howes is seen in a sketch with Jean Gillie

Shakespeare at the Kingsway.—It should not be a plucky thing to play Shakespeare, and to play it well, in war-time; but the fact remains that any amount of pluck is needed even to put on one of the plays, let alone to run a repertory season. So I trust Mr. Donald Wolfit enjoys the reward he certainly deserves at the Kingsway. He opened with *Othello* to rather a thin house; the theatre should have been packed, not because of any pious pilgrimage business, but because here was an admirable performance of a great play. The pace was on the brisk side, which occasionally made the poetry suffer. But this was better than the moaning and the droning which we sometimes have to endure in Shakespeare. Mr. Wolfit's *Othello* I thought very fine indeed. His epileptic fit of rage was almost terrifying and he was never afraid to let himself go. It is good to see an actor of the younger school with "guts"—it is the only word—and not afraid to show 'em, either.

"The Venetian."—One of the most charming plays I ever saw was Mr. Clifford Bax's *A Rose Without a Thorn* and it was with high hopes that I went to the St. Martin's Theatre to see his *The Venetian*. Those hopes were by no means dashed to the ground. This is a play of elegance and subtlety, qualities always to be found in Mr. Bax's work. But it is not, I think, on the former high level. It moves too slowly and too mysteriously and it was not always easy to grasp why all those picturesquely dressed people (sixteenth-century Venice) were most of the time in such an appallingly bad temper. Miss Sylvia Coleridge did not help matters by being of the stage stagey from beginning to end. Mr. Gerald Cooper was very stalwart and impressive and silky-sinister as a Machiavellian Cardinal.



Schweppes, sir,
of course

In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Ideal Places for Permanent Residence In and Near Weston-super-Mare

THE Somerset coast runs roughly from Portishead to Porlock. My own personal knowledge commences at Clevedon, a quiet, pretty Bristol Channel resort, which brought back memories to me of Blankensee on the Elbe. There is the same vista of water through the trees, the same grandstand position on the cliff-side, and always the sight of shipping passing up and down stream.

In peace-time, Clevedon, like Blankensee, can be reached by water, and I can well picture sipping one's lager on the lawns of the Walton Park Hotel. I have selected this hotel because, whilst there are plenty of others of all sorts and sizes, the position of Walton Park on the cliff-side is magnificent, and, of more importance, I know something of the company which own it. I also know from experience three of their associated hotels, the Marine at Selsey in Sussex, and the Raven and the Park Hotels at Droitwich.

The present owners took it over in September, 1935. It has got all those modern improvements one looks for these days, including central heating in the bedrooms, and a billiards room. I mention these latter in particular, because Clevedon and the Walton Park Hotel struck me as a useful place to know for permanent residence. The climate is mild and invigorating. There is much natural charm, and golf links about the hotel. It is fully licensed, too, with a cheerful-looking cocktail bar.

From Clevedon it is only about 12 miles to Weston-super-Mare, the largest resort of its kind in the west, and one which takes good care to beat loudly the drum of publicity. There was a time when Weston seemed to desire to out-Margate Margate and out-Blackpool Blackpool, and whilst undoubtedly Weston is a very popular resort for the day-tripper and holiday-maker in the height of the season, all the rest of the year Weston is selective and residential. In fact, there is no sign of closed shutters in February and that general "off" season appearance. On the contrary, it is obvious from the display boards what a lot there is going on.

The social hub of Weston, and by far the "leading" hotel, is the Grand Atlantic—an hotel which literally does have a season the year round. I am often asked about hotels where there is the certainty of dancing, golf, and "some life," and the Grand Atlantic is a solution. An excellent ballroom, which like most of the hotel is new. A cheery cocktail bar. Large, light and comfortable lounges. And upstairs, every single bedroom has, I believe, been refurnished and modernised. Certainly mine lacked for nothing, and one night there seemed far too short.

The outstanding feature of the Grand Atlantic to my mind is that it is a luxury hotel, yet there is a definite atmosphere of friendliness. It is an hotel which seems to adapt itself to one's requirements, whilst from a golfer's point of view it is an obvious dormy house for the Weston golf course a few yards down the road. The Grand Atlantic has in fact special week-end terms to include green fees, with lunch at the club house if one wishes. The Weston course is playable at all times and whilst it does not pretend to be a championship course it must be treated with respect, and that in spite of the fact that it is on the level.

I have taken a liking to Weston and shall return again, especially as it is on the direct main line.

And then I came on to Burnham-on-Sea, a quiet selective resort at the mouth of the Bristol Channel, where some go for the golf and others for their children's sake (for Burnham's sands spell "paradise" when you're young).

After a disappointing visit to a guest house where the manageress explained that she had not bothered to put flowers in the rooms because there were no visitors, I arrived at the Manor Hotel where the same high standard of service is maintained however few may be staying there.

Actually, the Manor Hotel is always more full than empty because George Goldsack, the resident proprietor, has one hobby only in life—efficiency in hotel-keeping. He welcomes you when you arrive, speeds all his parting guests with a smile, and works all day and perhaps half the night at preparing, planning, and perfecting.

The main characteristics of the Manor Hotel are its homeliness and its quietness. It stands well back from the main road in about four acres of grounds. I visited it in February, but it must be a picture in the spring when some 3,000 bulbs are in full bloom.

I liked the main lounge and the dining room, the cosiness of the bedrooms with their radiators, and it struck me that one need not fear February or any other winter month so long as George Goldsack was presiding over one's well-being. If it is not the largest hotel in Burnham, it is, in the opinion of those qualified to judge, the best all the year round.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

S. M., Penrith.—There are a number of guest houses which I could recommend in various parts of the country, but there are two which present themselves to my mind as being the most suitable to fit in with your requirements. The first is Chequers, Pulborough, Sussex, which supplies all that you ask for, plus a good golf links called the West Sussex Course, at Pulborough. The other is Cedar Shade at Sidmouth, South Devon; owners Mr. and Mrs. Lund, extremely nice people, and a particularly nice house. There is a golf links quite close.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. & R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle.—Welltown Manor Guest Hse. Tel. 17.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal.
Brighton.—The King's Hotel.
Budleigh Salterton.—Rosemullion Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chichester.—The Ship Hotel. Tel. 2028.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold Hse. Htl. Tel. 330
Crowborough (Sussex).—The Crest Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Haywards Heath (Sussex).—Birch Hotel.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
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Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Paignton.—Palace Hotel. A.A.****
Paignton.—Ravenswood. Cliff Road.
Paignton.—Redcliffe Hotel.
Plympton (nr. Plymouth).—Elfordleigh Hotel.
Pulborough (Sussex).—Lodge Hill Hotel.
Ross-on-Wye.—Mount Craig Hotel.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
Storrington (nr. Pulborough).—Roundabout Htl.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 105.
Washington (Sussex).—Clematis Cottage Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Dorset Square Hotel. Off Baker St., N.W.1.
S. Kensington Htl. Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.

SCOTLAND

Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.

WALES

Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
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